

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 21, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

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WINGS AT DAWN

THE 1957 WATERFOWL SEASON



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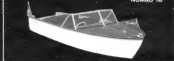
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MR. ALBERT HERRMANN AND HIS COLLECTION OF BELLS OF ALL NATIONS

COLLECTOR'S ITEM. Mr. Herrmann's hobby is bells. He collects them from all over the world. And he confides that, while he includes *harmie BELL's* of Scotland, he can't keep it in his collection. "*It has to be replaced all the time!*" *Light, right, with classic bouquet and flavour . . . "Such a pleasant Scotch!"*

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MEMO

from the publisher

THIS WEEK our Footloose Sportsman and travel editor, Horace Sutton, is in Madrid. There, between overseas assignments for later issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he is attending the 25th annual convention of the American Society of Travel Agents.

The alliance between sport and travel has always been a natural one and during recent years an increasingly influential reason for people wanting to go from here to there. Sutton's articles in this magazine have not only reflected but also in part contributed to this happy state of affairs.

Even a fractional review of the places Sutton has covered since he attended the last ASTA convention in Chicago a year ago will show you what I mean. There was the Outrigger Club in Honolulu for surfing and canoeing (SI, Nov. 12, 1956); Nassau for sports car racing (Dec. 3, 1956); a trip to Havana, among other things a pretty good oasis for frustrated hunters of Caribbean pirate treasure (Jan. 14); Mexico City, where a rarefied atmosphere surrounds bullfighting and jalisco (Jan. 28); Rio, where people race on horses and ski on water (Feb. 11); Austria's Arlberg, where they ski on snow; the Bois de Boulogne, which hides in its green expanse a polo field, race tracks and ponds in which a man can hardly ever catch a fish but can exercise

his patience (May 27). There was Toronto, for Canada's "Kentucky Derby," the Queen's Plate (June 10); Denmark, where during Midsummer Week, yachts, bicyclists and jockeys are busting out all over (June 17); and the Adriatic playground (Aug. 26).

For the advocates of America first, Sutton has revealed the Florida Keys for fishermen and sunbathers (Dec. 17); Tampa Bay, the heartland of baseball's spring training (March 4); Smoke Tree Ranch, hard by Palm Springs, California, complete with bowling green, tennis courts and desert

riding (March 18); the Great Smokies, a springtime wonderland for hikers (April 22); St. Louis, for the All-Star Game (July 8); and, to get in the proper swim, Long Island's Hamptons (July 29). Then there was Forest Hills (Sept. 2) for the National Tennis Championships.

To the 2,000 ASTA conventioners in Madrid, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has presented a booklet prepared from some other non-Sutton material which has appeared in the magazine. Titled *A Spanish Afternoon*, it is an introduction to the Spanish national sport of bullfighting, and between its lines it tells, I think, a fascinating story about where sport and travel meet. Just in case you don't happen to be in Madrid right now, if you'll write me, I'll be happy to send you a copy.

Harry Phillips



OCTOBER 21, 1957
Volume 7, Number 17

Advertisements on page 14

COVER: MALLARD DUCKS

Photograph by David Goodhue

The prospect of mallards, shown winging downward in this remarkable picture, will again attract more than two million U.S. hunters to the stubble and bluffs this fall. For a report on the hunters, the outlook for the season and the biologists who work to keep the ducks flying, see pages 60 through 67.

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THE POWER AND THE GLORY

One was Michigan State's, the other Notre Dame's in football's fourth week

18

A MEAN HAND WITH A ROCK

Low Barbato, the enigmatic hero of the World Series, by BOB TERRILL

24

BAND DAY IN NEBRASKA

A growing and dancing midwestern musical extravaganza in COLOR

32

A LOW-PRESSURE ENGINEER

Is Bobby Dodd, of Georgia Tech, who says football can be fun. By DON PARKER

41

BRITANNIA RULES THE FAIRWAYS

Henry Longhurst reviews the astonishing speed of America's Ryder Cup golfers

48

DAY FOR AQUAVIT

A Swedish money to the Lionel Lincoln Little Le Mans. By KENNETH REDDEN

58

WINGS AT DAWN

The 1957 season promises to be another big one for ducks and hunters

60

NEWPORT GETS SOME TIPS FROM THE TOP

The President at golf, observed and reported by GEORGE PLIMPTON

68

LONDON BRIDGE IS NOT FALLING DOWN

A triumphant tourist, CHARLES GREEN finds British railroad bridge bombing

80

THE DEPARTMENTS

• SCOREBOARD

1

• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

11

• FISSKIN PANORAMA

13

• BONNIE PRUDEN

12

• HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

13

• HOTBOX

14

• PRO PARADE

15

• TIP FROM THE TOP

16

• COMING EVENTS

14

• THE 15TH HOLE

17

• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

14

• PAT ON THE BACK

21

• WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 21

NEXT WEEK

**WORLD'S FINEST
FISHING BOAT**

A runaway look at "Loopholes," and a visit with the man who designed and constructed her

PLUS:

ED ZERN TELLS YOU
ALL ABOUT RETRIEVERS



MY SIN

... & more

provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Glenn Stieklen, today Notre Dame third-string quarterback and from Poughkeepsie, N.Y., made his first field-goal try one to remember, hitting ball over from 25-yard line with six minutes to play for 22-21 victory over Army at Philadelphia. See page 12A.



Kathi Peterson, pretty 19-year-old Pasadena City College coed who hails from Port Chicago, Iowa, has been named Miss Junior Home Bowl of 1957 and undoubtedly will attract as much attention as teams when game gets under way in Pasadena Dec. 11.



Willie Murren has got it. The Texan-born actor, who wastes very few words, by his dumb speak for him at Hollywood last week, saying handsome \$14,000 payday after riding Jewett's Haward and Gulliver. Man to victory in pair of big-money stakes last Friday.

RECORD RELEASE

Ytadinairi *Roos*, stocky but para-military 46-year-old Russian naval officer who ran off with 250,000 gold medals in Lithuania, gave 20,000 obscure job opportunities at Bremer's place of his finest hour, masterfully coupling all latter success in 1933, to launch *Wilhelm Gustloff's* 1934 special second job almost two full decades, had enough himself left to empty another job with Gumpert of red flowers under his arm, sending thousands to crowd (1934, 1934).

Robert Knaig of Germany and Bud Jones of River City, Iowa, closed out NADA world championships for disabled athletes in mixed style, swimming in pair of water spaced strokes using one-swimmer straightaway on Chicago Christ's Nimitz Lake. Rising thorough handily top the average 61.64 mph in the Class B finale while Jones checked 64.06h mark in Class C finale. (Nov. 7)

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[illegible]

Shoreland Shoreland and what? Walter O'Malley here they would all along, unannounced they were moving forward to Los Angeles. Although expected, didn't they? Shoreland here, who always heard for best, were told with only last moments of time that of Walter O'Malley Shoreland, Casey Stengel, Mike Herman and Brooklyn Bobby Thomson of earlier times, were never again of Los Angeles. Mike Walter, Kirby (Kirby) High, Hugh Casey, Mickey Vernon, Jackie Robinson, Paul Hines, Vernon, Pat O'Fallon.

Steve, Underbush, Bill Higgins, Bob Thompson and Tom Newlander. Los Angeles, in big houses at last, drew hardly an extra branch, except for polished marble and razzle (see below).

HONG KONG 1997

Blondie Table. dourly little red, who has had California and Midwest leaving about him on top candle date has had 2-year-old, made his fortune and his character (like good), raising a way from (most of) America's film to take \$110,000 (Hollywood Club) by three months (see page 10).

Baldwin's work was only of Willie Hinesmaker, Joseph's forward, Wilbur Mott, Red Baker and Neil Hinesmaker had his biggest money-winning day, having won 2-year-old Javel's Forward in \$154,100. Champagne Stakes and his old buddy, Collier Mott, in \$65,700 Kentucky Club Gold Cup. Martin Chavez, Fawn's rugged Joseph's Forward, in solid bid for year's juvenile title, backed along within striking distance of leaders until early in make move, then took command from Atlanta and held on gamely to save off on outside. Mott's third win in sixth place.

Multiple Lewis's Gallium Mine, worked in last place-leading into backwash, responded promptly to Shaw's urgent whipping, picked up pace to win going away in Gold Cup, remained firmly in control for two-and-a-half hours.

Male: robust, heavily pigmented by older females at 1½ miles last June out, found across steeply barbed wire in his liking, heavily tan many from field in impressive 121% to 100% 44-year-old Belmont record while winning 200 1000 Yardsmen's Handicap.

(Miss. Stephen Trimmer) "Well, I suppose old war horses huffed PRR sounds up and over 10 minutes, nearly stopped on last pump but was started mostly by Jersey P-41 fuel which is hard in first phase in PRR, IOW Grand National Structures Association."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Billy Haugbom, usually around when top money is on line, joined Charming Barbours, Farmstead Acres Stable Service, in Kent, held firm with occasional whipping despite spirited challenge by runner-up **Time M.** to win \$20,000 Dream Tree for 8-year-olds at Kemmerich Raceway. Billy also was in early with three other winners. Good home picked for \$2,000.

[illegible]

4. **Charles Gwynne and Helen Nohel.** U.S. bridge experts played their cards right, piling up 1,997 points to beat fellow-Americans Martin Cohn and Sanford Hovey. 1,394 points and representation of 23 nations for Masters' Championship of Europe and Swiss Bridge World Challenge Cup in Switzerland's disarming stone's architectural Exhibition Hall in London.

AUTO RACING

Brooklyn-made Indians and Shakers arrived day in, day out. Mr. Mung, Indian ambassador, came at breakfast time, left at 10:30 A.M., and returned at 1:30 P.M. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Mung, and his two children, a boy and a girl. He was a very friendly and sociable man, and he was very interested in the work of the mission. He was very kind and generous, and he was very helpful in every way. He was very kind and generous, and he was very helpful in every way. He was very kind and generous, and he was very helpful in every way.

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Jim Mendenhall, starlineal lower hunter from Henryville, Ohio, was backback-calling 1986 at New York Madison Square Garden. Other winners: Vernon Kline of Houston, Texas, call toping; Mike Nixson of Seattle, W.B., middle lower; Thomas Rollins of Redding, star wrestling; Harry Thompson of Dublin, Texas, bull riding.

POSTTEST

Michigan State made week's biggest bang, hitting Michigan with 28th pick in week 13 in Big Ten game. The Spartans' defense, which ranked 11th in the conference, held the Wolverines to 100 yards in the first half. The game was a defensive slugfest, with Michigan State's defense holding Michigan to 100 yards in the first half. The game was a defensive slugfest, with Michigan State's defense holding Michigan to 100 yards in the first half.

focus on the deed . . .



EXULTATION IN MILWAUKEE knows no bounds as the good buppers turn out to hail their conquering World Series heroes. Here, Fitchers Lew Burdette (left) and Warren Spahn respond to fans' cheers by throwing their arms aloft in victory style.



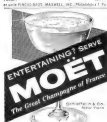
REGULATION IN LOS ANGELES is evident as Mayor Parker (center), with obvious approval of Councilmen Collett, Gilman Wyman, Timberlake, Corman, Hahn, Navarro, Burkhalter (left to right), signs the ordinance which bans Dodgers westward.

UNIVERSITY TOWN

And what our Scottish weavers do with weave and color is superbly complemented in this very natural cut. Antique pottery lined brings out the ruse in your
about \$50



Boston	ALBERT ALMA TIGHE
Chicopee	GABRIEL HARRIS
Dorchester-Pittsburgh	ROBERT S. HARRINGTON
El Worth	WALTER BRUCE
Amherst	WALTER HARRIS & BRUCE
Blair House	EDWARD HARRIS
St. John	ROBERT
San Francisco	ROBERT HARRIS
Texas	ALMA



Abstract



Mark Mayers, himself a former "beatnik," says that he has seen more than 100,000 people at the annual "Beat Party" held in the city of New York. He is proud for the National Organization for the Reformation of the World. "I have been in the country for 10 years, and I still have a lot of things to learn," he says. "I have been in the country for 10 years, and I still have a lot of things to learn."



Bonus: Vienna, Austria.
The most famous of the world's
Biedermeier-style rooms, possi-
bly in the country's most famous
house, pulling off all
Vienna Kammer & I did it
for Penn Americans and
glam folk. More's the
pity: it's like a room from
the late 19th century's
Hofburg in a single
room. It's a room.

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Table 1

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1. THESE QUESTIONS

© 2004 by Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110



WHEELING FOR PRIZES: Oklahoma's Glenn Truitt, Keat's brilliant contender for a post-race bonus, Round Table, with Willie Hammers up, leaves Keat's barn right in behind on way to fifth straight victory in the \$125,000 Hawthorne Gold Cup. Round Table crossed the mile-and-a-quarter in 2:09.1. A low kick (the trunk moved for the start)

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

College football, bugged by fumbles and the flu, nonetheless wrung into its final week: crowds of 95,000 and 100,000 turned out in Philadelphia and Ann Arbor

THE EAST

An Philadelphia's vast Municipal Stadium, craggy-faced Mitty Roldes, a second-stringer who had failed in three of four placements this year from three yards out, kicked one from the 28 to give *Notre Dame* a 28-22 upset of *Army* in a spectacular climax of the great games.

The unexpectedly ragged *Bartons* fans, annoyed upon three games, had great fun at Hanover, pounced on fumbles, blarneyed a kick, scored a safety and changed the way for 33-8 upset thrashing of *Brown*. The Indians showed fair run-pass balance, scored twice by each route and were on a past return. They now take over Brown's endzone spot as next-best-to-Denver. . . .

Which would have the devil of a time in *Pittsburgh* Stadium. *Princeton* called up desperate line play to repel a last-minute *Pennsylvania* drive and finally muddled through 13-9. The *Tigers* heralded singeing ground power was held in check, but they got maximum mileage from 58 passing yards, including one touchdown in the last period. Tough-back Penn now has lost three loss-leading games by the margin of six or five, three and four points.

THE SOUTH

Georgia Tech, eagerly looking forward to this week's outing with Auburn, was emboldened by LSU's stabbing ground game 20-14. Tech set up a defensive overkill for the LSU attack, saw it run asunder by Fullback Jimmy Taylor who bluffed for 56 yards and three touchdowns. Sophomore Halfback Billy Cannon clipped in 90 yards, threw a vital pass and boomed two late-game punts out of bounds inside the Georgia Tech 16. LSU, undefeated in Southeast Conference play, rides high now. They play neither Auburn nor Tennessee this year.

Auburn used two breaks to edge *North Carolina* 6-3 in one of the day's bitterest battles. The two fought nip and tuck throughout the first half, were at it again in the third period when Auburn recovered a fumble on the Kentucky 36. A mauling penalty against Willard Tackle Lou Michaels subsequently put the ball on the 6-yard line, and from there Auburn punched it over.

THE MIDWEST

With the eternal question of an answerer student, *Michigan State* lined up *Michigan*. Highly expanded line for a first touchdown, carved open the pass defense for two more, and went on to an awesome 35-6 dismemberment of a potential Big Ten giant. The Spartans showed off smothering power in Halfback Walt Kowalski and linebacker punting by Quarterback Jim Nimmick, sending some 100,000 Gans home

wondering whether State might not be better than Oklahoma. (see page 15.)

Wisconsin, no puny herd, battered out more than 300 ground yards, won its third game, boasting *Purdue* 26-14. The young Badgers have a brutal coming-of-age this week at Iowa.

THE SOUTHWEST

After being thrashed 26 straight times in Waco starting back in 1904, the *Arkansas Razorbacks* finally got out. (readers' choice) *Raylor News* 20-17. Raylor, still numb from that bad night in Miami, couldn't fathom the tactics of Quarterback George Walker. Walker passed only seven times but completed six for 191 yards and started a lateral-forward play for the second. After *Arkansas* blundered Quarterback Doyle Taylor was a jewel in defeat, passing 160 yards on some 100 yards.

Oklahoma prevailed fearful risks in Dallas by turning back the feed-up *Texas Longhorns*, who had held the national championship for 46 minutes and 36 seconds. Junior Sanderfer, a Texas by birth and Sooner hero for the day, marked over for the third period score that put Oklahoma ahead. His interception of a Texas pass set up the final tally which less than three minutes left, Oklahoma won 21-7.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Colorado's Alvin Bob Stranley, the nation's leading rusher, shaking off tardiness like so many sticks of straw, led the *Baldwins* over *Arizona* 34-14. Stranley, an alert stop-and-go halfback, ran 56 yards in less than three periods of play to up his total yardage to 467. He also caught two passes and intercepted another.

THE FAR WEST

With less than four minutes left on the game clock, Stanford did it again. It blew the big one, this time in *Washington State* in a wonderful Rose Bowl best at Palo Alto. The Indians, who had racked up a solid three touchdowns lead in the first half, were coasting home 18-7 when the roof fell in at the tag end of the fourth period. On a stunning pass play from State's 13, Cougar End Jack Fanning took a throw from Quarterback Bob Newman and ran for his life to the Stanford end zone. Moments later, after recovering their inside kickoff, State was slipping through the distraught Indians. In short order they scored, on a pass from Newman to End Don Ellingsen with 44 seconds left. Final: *Washington State* 21, *Stanford* 18. Should State get past Oregon next week and Oregon State on November 2, the Rose Bowl bid will be virtually in the bag.

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HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for games of

Saturday, October 19

• **Iowa—Wisconsin.** Badgers have shown surprising early-season strength while Hawkeyes have come along as expected. **NOVA.**

• **Arkansas—Tenn.** Longhorns, unexpectedly, are a much stronger team than previous reports indicated. Razorbacks have played steady, consistent ball against all opposition. In a tough one. **ARKANSAS.**

• **Washington State—Oregon.** From this game could emerge the West Coast Rose Bowl representatives. Both teams are undefeated in conference play. The Cougars can throw with any of them, while the Ducks are stubborn defensively and can run. **WASHINGTON STATE.**

• **Georgia Tech—Idaho.** It's hard to go against the Yellow Jackets on any given Saturday, although young, they may be. Still, the Plainsmen have size, speed and experience. So . . . **AUBURN.**

• **Missis.—Minnesota.** The Blind don't seem to be in the same class with the Golden Gophers this season but are always unpredictable. Gophers are going to be hard for any team to stop. **MINNESOTA.**

• **Army—Pittsburgh.** Panthers have come down the trail strong after their opening loss to Oklahoma while Cadets have one of their best teams in years despite heart-breaking loss to Notre Dame. **ARMY.**

• **Maryland—North Carolina.** Terps are vastly improved, team but, Tatum's Tar Heels came out of their opening loss to N.C. State with blood in their eyes. Still coming . . . **NORTH CAROLINA.**

• **Miami—North Carolina State.** (Oct. 18). Hurricanes have blown hot and cold. Wily Wolfpack, coach of the ACC, is undefeated and still growing. So . . . **N.C. STATE.**

• **Texas—Oklahoma—Texas A&M.** Young Horned Frogs are not the set-up they were supposed to be. Aggies, after Jimmy opener, have settled down to solid football. **TEXAS A&M.**

ALSO:

Mississippi over Tulane
Tennessee over Alabama
Pennsylvania over Brown
California over Southern California
Bears over Wake Forest
Florida over Mississippi State
Stanford over Northwestern
Michigan State over Purdue
Bey over Georgia
Ohio State over Indiana
Oklahoma over Kansas
Bia over SMU
Oregon State over UCLA
Stanford over Washington
Rice over Cornell
Pittsburgh over Delgate

Last week's hunches:
26 right, 9 wrong
Record to date: 49-34-5

PRO PARADE

Frankie Albert, once the wonder boy of 7 quarterbacks, is rebuilding the 49ers in his second year as coach. Frankie was an irrepressible gambler on the field, but now he finds that he is the cautious sideline wonder

It was fourth down and inches to go for the San Francisco 49ers on the Los Angeles 44. Some 60,000 fans waited hopefully for Quarterback V. A. Little to sneak for the inches and keep the 49ers moving. On the sidelines, a slim, dapper young man who looks like a muscular Frankie Torio and talks like Jimmy Cagney after two 100-tones, waved his arm. The 49ers punting team trotted on the field and Rookie Fullback Larry Barnes slid the kick off the side of his foot for a net advance of three yards, and the stands howled their dissent.

"If I had been playing quarterback instead of coaching, I'd have called the sack without a second thought," Frankie Albert said the other day. "But you get real conservative when you start coaching. When I was playing, I never thought about a play failing."

When Albert was quarterback of the 49ers, he gambled with a wild consistency which always kept the fans and the other team confused. His favorite play was a suicidal hooty which sent him scurrying, alone and small, into the face of the giant linebackers of the defense, his only protection the almost magical ability he had to deceive the opposition. He played seven years for the 49ers and then tried to give up football.

"I couldn't find anything else I liked," he said the other day, seated at his desk in the 49ers' Redwood City office, some 30 miles from San Francisco, "so I came back and begged Tony Morabito for a job with the 49ers." Morabito put Albert in charge of preparation for a year, then made him an assistant to Head Coach Red Strader. When Strader left at the end of the 1983 season, Albert took over. He has a strong, confident voice and he runs his practices from a high, movable platform overlooking the practice field and offers occasional comments, most of it laudatory.

"We're still a year or so away," he said. "It takes a long time to build up in this league. Coaching is a terrible job when you're losing. You worry. I used to worry up until 2 o'clock of game day when I was a player, but after the kickoff, it was fun. It was hard fun, but it was fun. Now I worry right on through until 5, and when



OLD COLLEGE pep talk is given: head coach Albert during break in other game.

the game is over I don't want to talk about it to anyone, win or lose. You get so tired of it. You play it over and over in your mind until you get sick of it.

"Sometimes I think I ought to get out of football," he said. "Maybe I'm not dedicated enough. But I work hard at it here. And I never have found anything else I like as well. I feel I belong in football."

—TIM MAYER

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X-RAY FOR LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds	Yds	Pts
	Back	Pass	Comp	
Giants	24	176	179	37-15
Browns	24	165	79	5-11
Seawolves	29	157	39	4-17
49ers	31	183	262	17-27
Irish	19	128	87	8-24
Cobts	45	293	544	9-19

	Pts	Yds	Yds	Pts
	Back	Pass	Comp	
Redskins	19	137	227	15-23
Eagles	7	61	46	10-23
Cardinals	54	189	176	9-23
Bears	17	214	17	6-19
Rams	7	167	24	9-18
Packers	17	47	186	15-25

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Wins	Loss	Tied	Pct
Cleveland	3	0	0	1.000
New York	2	1	0	.667
Pittsburgh	2	1	0	.667
Chicago Bears	1	2	0	.333
Washington	1	2	0	.333
Philadelphia	0	3	0	.000

WESTERN DIVISION

	Wins	Loss	Tied	Pct
Baltimore	3	1	0	.750
Denver	2	1	0	.667
San Francisco	2	1	0	.667
Los Angeles	0	2	0	.000
Green Bay	1	2	0	.333
Chicago Bears	3	2	0	.600

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23

Baseball

(Postponed)
St. Louis vs. New York; Detroit vs. Boston; Detroit

Racing

• Hialeah Race vs. Texas Sports, midday, 10 a.m., 10 p.m. (CBS)
• Santa Anita vs. Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (KTLA)

Hockey

New York vs. Toronto; Montreal vs. Quebec; New York

Horse Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24

Baseball

(Postponed)
Los Angeles vs. Toronto; New York vs. Boston; New York

Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

Baseball

(Postponed)
Los Angeles vs. Toronto; New York vs. Boston; New York

Racing

• Hialeah Race vs. Texas Sports, midday, 10 a.m., 10 p.m. (CBS)
• Santa Anita vs. Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (KTLA)

Hockey

New York vs. Toronto; Montreal vs. Quebec; New York

Horse Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26

Baseball

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

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Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Horse Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

Baseball

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Horse Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Racing

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

Hockey

Long Island Raceway, 121,000, 3-47-48-49-50, 51-52 m., 53-54 m.

OCTOBER 21, 1957



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various effects. 4-hour WS. Far scores were
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Paul, Susan, M. Paul C. Mares.*

Editors: Dr. MALCOLM J. GIBSON, JR., New York, NY, U.S.A.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

[illegible]

RECENT North American Monarchs are estimated to have lost 90 to 95% of their numbers in the past 20 years, according to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Knights of Harbison Hall, N.Y., took a 10-pound brook trout from Pleasant Lake near a Watkins County, N.Y., farm and put it in a box to be sent to the First Congregational Church in Concord, which stopped the process. After eating the Brookton River brook trout taken from Nix 26 Royal Guardman, a big trout took the small trout, and one hour and 20 minutes later Howard Mathis landed a 10 1/2-inch, 1-pound-plus brook.

Technician, Phila. Glaser, and Island Fish Commission scientist David H. Hildebrand of another team. In no pond's season should be lengthened to 11 months. New sailing master fishing legal limit March 11 in all waters except the Savage River watershed in Garrett County, where season remains April 12 to May 12. Only month closed to angler of state was reserved by continuing on pond could be extended without a reduction of season. Another last there would

groups. Water N and P with P&T throughout state. Major blue-green algal blooms occur in Florida on Black and Tan streams or tidal Florida A, low B, and baywaters reported today on No. 2 and No. 3 tidally streams, State Reservoir and Island Park. Baywater also prevalent with anglers fishing to orange and black Florida crooked jaw and deep, Middle Park, of Bayou L and C and offering boats in 11 inches on Black Coast and Baywater down 150-160 ft.

[illegible]

notable: PP-UP with heavy snow in high areas and generally cold, weather discourages the most die-hard anglers.

6. *parameters*: (Block: *Block N* and *P*, MT 44 and 45) no. in 3 parameters for 1 log spinners.

SPOTTED GAR: *Macropodus chinensis* FW: at Cape Hall Canal for small fish to 8 pounds or small goldfishes and big fish to 10 pounds on big canals. Several thousand spotted garfishes float in the canals. (Cape Hall FW) (Cape Hall) At mouth of Farmer River on north shore is Cape a likely spot on sliding tide. Try big salt pork and 4-5 quart FW. Salt fish are available from fish in dry and saltfishes are from morning salt fish. Most of Golden Ridge Bar.

mouth (mouths $\times 10^4$) (1981) from west through south-eastern Australia (Fig. 1). The fishery is declining in lower basin now concentrated into seasonal straits and is taking bankfish. Larger fish will be needed to make up for the reduced catch. Remaining population of coastal (1981) 1.2×10^4 (1981) 1.2×10^4 (1981) which shows that pre-war catch is up from 1.7 in 1945 to 3.9 in 1981. Since catch is believed to reflect only 50% of total fish taken (1981) 1.2×10^4 (1981) 1.2×10^4 (1981) over 100,000 snappers were landed out of Port of Darwin in 1981.

1. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1973, 66, 1073.

INTERVIEW: WILLIAM FOLMER, FIFTH on Keaton with Redd and St. Angles playing the horse, that it seems to be an old pro. My advice, however, that a man of his size is more in Thompson's class and conditions are excellent.

BOB MARLIN is 30 years old. Twenty-one years competing in the Pacific Yachting International Game Fish Tournament and 10 years finished last week after 24 stricken big days had produced six big marks. The biggest was a 215-pound male blue marlin, the one Marlin caught last week on the Blue Bird and Red Fish and is now not only the top trophy big fish of the annual event but also the top trophy for Marlin himself.

FLORIDA **WILDLIFE** : The 31-year-old male fish has spawned again here. Mrs. Anna Bouslog, 81, of Trenton cast a 12-pound two-bait off the stern of their cruiser and after a 24-minute frenzy landed a 12-pound 2-spine sturgeon, the largest of the 141 specimens taken, world's record for the species. The 31-inch *Acipenser oxyrinchus desmarestii* has spawned 14 times in 1 month.

BLACK BIRD: 100 MILLS. 1' tall, wings 4 1/2" and tail 5" providing central vane with blue arista. 991 total hair water runs all around.

PROF. A. S. L. J. van der Sloot has resulted in two returning to Williamsport and a New Hampshire. In 1991, the group were somewhat small in size. Several fish up although water levels in both Oregon and Washington remain low. 1991.

[illegible][illegible]



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THE POWER



While Michigan showed Michigan why it is one of the two best college teams, a Notre Dame sophomore became Saturday's Hero by booting his team to a Hollywood victory over Army

WALT KOWALCZYK KICKS BALLS THROUGH MICHIGAN LINE, TOPPING STATE POWER



AND THE GLORY

THAN SPARTAN LEGIONS of Michigan State invaded Ann Arbor last Saturday with all the ferocity of the ancient conquerors of Doris and Laconia. They struck quickly and powerfully. When it was over, the defending forces of the University of Michigan, which had been ranked sixth in the nation by the Associated Press poll, lay smitten 22-6, their worst beating in 22 years. Michigan State thus established itself as the only football power to be spoken of in the same breath with Oklahoma.

There was glory in football, too, last weekend, and a 19-year-old lad from Poughkeepsie, N.Y., received a lion's share of it. He was Montfort Stickles, who made the Army-Notre Dame game the most exciting of the season by kicking a 28-yard field goal with six minutes to go to give Notre Dame a nerve-pricking 21-21 victory.

The kick was the climactic moment for the 55,000 frenzied spectators in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. They had been on tiptoe since the be-

ginning of the fourth period when Notre Dame's comeback was frustrated by this same Monty Stickles. He had missed the vital try for the extra point which would have tied the score at 21-21, and he had missed it at point-blank range.

His miracle from 28 yards out—and miracle it was, for he had never before attempted a field goal—was too much for taut nerves. Pandemonium broke loose. After the pandemonium

continued

TWENTY-EIGHT-YARD PLACE KICK FOR GLORY IS BOOED BY MONTY STICKLES FOR NOTRE DAME. BOB WILLIAMS (C) KICKS BALL





STARTING SIX-YARD TO RUN, ARMY HALFBACK BOB ANDERSON (21) BREAKS THROUGH LINE, SHAKES OFF GRASP OF FRANK REYNOLDS (37).

FOOTBALL

continued

the miracle was explained by Stickle:

"What happened was this," he said. "We took a time-out. It was fourth down and we had about eight to go for the first. I was resting and Brook Nagurski—I think it was Brook—came into the game. He comes up to me and he says, 'Coach says kick a field goal.' He gave me the kicking toe, then he

says, 'Coach says keep your head down.' I didn't feel nervous or anything, even after missing the third conversion—the one that would have tied the score. I was just overconfident on that one. Well, the ball comes back, and Williams sets it up nice and fast and I kick it. The angle was good and the ball just made the right side of the crossbar by about three or four feet. Thing that bothered me was I didn't think these goal posts were wide

enough. No kidding, looked real narrow. Somebody fooled."

Stickle, a bull-like 6-foot 4-inch, 220-pounder, held his head back and pressed a handkerchief to his nose. He talked to the ceiling. "Caught an elbow. Wasn't stop bleeding."

Presently he lowered his gaze.

"It's a funny thing, me kicking that field goal. First place, I never kicked one before. Second place, it was that hot that beat Army and I almost

MSU WAS TRICKY, TOO. HERE QUARTERBACK JOE KINOWSKI COMPLETES THREE-YARD TOUCHDOWN PASS TO END BOB JEWETT AFTER





45. IRISH BACK DICK LYNN (20) CATCHES SP. ANDERSON PAKES SAFETY BOB WILLIAMS (40) WITH FLIP OF HP. LEAVES LYNN BEHIND

went to West Point. Yep, Coach Blaik had me up there several times looking the place over. I wanted to go there, too. I grew up about 20 miles away and I always liked the Point. They wouldn't take me, though. I couldn't pass the physical. Bad eyes, they said. Well, I guess I could see pretty good today, huh?"

His father, Morfitt Sr., stalked in. They shook hands. "When I saw you were going to try the field goal," he

said, "I said to your mother, he's going to be a hero or a barn."

He smiled, turned to the other players and said:

"Know what his mother did? She pulled out her beads and started saying the Rosary. Me, I held onto the rail so tight I must have dented the bar."

Aubrey Lewis, Notre Dame's first-string halfback, had been left behind at South Bend with an injured ankle. He showed up in the locker room Saturday morning with a big grin on his face. "Hi, coach," he said to father-gasted Terry Brennan. "Mind if I suit up?" He had paid his own fare. "I got to thinking about the game," he explained. "I just couldn't miss it and I wanted to suit up. I had to put on someone else's jersey; they didn't even bring mine."

He was all smiles in the jovial Irish dressing room after the game, just as thrilled with the victory as if he had taken a personal part in it.

"Oh, you should have seen Brennan when Monty kicked that ball," cried Lewis. "He took that hat of his and tried to pull it over his ears. Then came the big grin. The big, big grin and when you see that guy smile like that you know you won the game."

"We wanted to win this one," said Lewis, "but the one we really want is Oklahoma. We're gonna stop them, too. We can do it, you'll see."

The team physician, Dr. George Green, was, if anything, more thrilled with the Irish victory than the players.

Dr. Green went over to maul young Nick Pietrosante, the Notre Dame fullback. The sportswriters covering the game had just voted Nick the Grantland Rice award as the game's most valuable player for scoring two touchdowns. His second, a 44-yard run, provided the lift that put the Irish back in

the bull game when Army led 21-7 and seemed to have them in a hopeless hole.

"The first 50 yards, I felt good," Pietrosante said, grinning. "Then, all of a sudden, I was out of gas and looking for the end zone. Was I glad to get home!"

Mechanically, resolutely and a bit tiredly, Blaik made his terse comment:

"If you don't have the depth," he sighed, "you don't have the depth."

That was a point more than amply proved by Michigan State in its lopsided victory over Michigan. Coach Duffy Daugherty of MSU fielded a fine first team. It was quick. It was big and strong. It was resourceful when the still fresh-faced Michigan seemed about to contain it during the first half. It was intelligently run by Quarterback Jim Ninowski. It had a standout runner with tremendous speed and drive in Halfback Walt Kowalevsky, who might have looked even better if his teammates had not all been of such a very high standard themselves. But in the early part of the game, Michigan had moments when it seemed to have about the same qualities—plus an almost exactly similar version of the multiple offense.

The difference in the teams became apparent when the substitutes appeared. In the case of Michigan State the difference between the first and second—and even third—units was scarcely visible, particularly as Michigan began to wilt under such an overwhelming power in both numbers and ability. Nowhere else in college football except at Oklahoma does this same strength in depth exist.

—DON PARKER



FOR MORE OF FOOTBALL'S
FOURTH WEEK, TURN PAGE

CAMERAS, PLAYERS HIT THEIR



ONE BY LAND: The athletes who execute the plays and the photographers who arrest them on film were in top form for football's death week. Here both responses to share the reader

has been the only game in the history of the sport. The game was played on the 11th of the month in the city of Houston. The game was played on the 11th of the month in the city of Houston.

ONE BY AIR: Oklahoma is white, a team that usually can get a player a mile away, and looked like this. When Texas faked a run for the goal in the first quarter, Texas 6-0-0

play. It worked so well that Walt Foxworth (24, Longhorn quarterback) found two receivers in the end. He scored on Red Moore (100-50) for the game's first score. Oklahoma took 21-2.



STRIDE



moving down to take out the two halfbacks who are the only blockers in position to stop the touchdowns. Iowa won 47-7.



SLIPPERY: Tailback Don Long of UCLA feels a tackler out of position with the lifed of moles that inspired the term "swivel hips." On this one-yard TD dash Long outmaneuvers Washington's Dave Enlow (#51), scoring team's first score in 19-0 victory.

TRICKERY: Iowa State, in its 21-6 victory over Kansas, shows in this game play the intricacies of balanced-line single wing. Guards (#62 and #63) pull out, but instead of leading

interference with blocking back (center) they protect passer, Dwight Nichols (#16), who takes handoff from Tailback Terry Ingram (#17). Ends and wingback (bottom) start down field to receive.



A MEAN HAND WITH A ROCK

Lew Burdette, who came out of the West Virginia hills to tame the dread Yankees in the World Series, is baseball's biggest paradox: killer and clown, with a touch of genius on the side

by ROY TERRELL



DEBATED AND WRACKED with pain, Mincey Mincey drops in dugout during game, in which he appeared only as pinch runner.

FOR MORE AN HOUR after the best rock thrower ever to come out of Nitro, West Virginia had intimidated the New York Yankees for the third time in seven days, Casey Stengel was doing his best to forget all about it. Sitting half-dressed in his office under the vast old Stadium and sounding a little as if he expected George Weiss to be hiding under the couch, Stengel talked about next year.

"Now I got to build another team for New York," he said, "and I'll build it. I got some pretty good ideas. There's that Denver farm club, it had a pretty good season. There must be some men there to disturb somebody."

He shrugged.

"Maybe they cannot hit that pitcher we saw today, either, but then maybe he will not live long."

If this is the premise upon which Stengel hopes to recapture his westerly-blown world championship, it would be wise if Casey should prepare himself for disappointment. That pitcher, an one-while tail driver, pool shark, amateur character actor and right-handed rasconneur of renown named Lew Burdette, is singularly well equipped to survive the rigors attendant with becoming a World Series hero. Unlike Stengel's own Dan Laren, another man who pitched very well one October but failed to remember how he did it when April rolled around, Burdette will probably show up for the 1958 season better than ever.

For one thing, he is a better pitcher than Laren, a fact frequently overlooked in the past by those citizens so concerned with the function of Burdette's salivary glands that they forget he also had a rather remarkable right arm. But perhaps even more important, not the glaring television lights he will face in the next few weeks nor the cramped and unfamiliar stance required to sign some \$10,000 worth of endorsements nor even the long winter of adulation and mashed potatoes which await him on the banquet circuit stand much chance of upsetting Lew Burdette's mountain-grown aspidochelone.

From the November day in 1926 when he was born in a West Virginia ghost town until the October day not quite 31 years later when he became Milwaukee's No. 1 candidate for president of the world, Selma Lewis Burdette Jr. has been much more than just a pitcher. He is, in fact, baseball's No. 1 paradox.

A big (6 feet 2 inches, 190 pounds), square-shouldered man with a ruggedly handsome face, close-cropped sandy

continued





A MEAN HAND

continued

hair and a strange, floppy walk, Burdette is considered by National League hitters—and now the Yankees—to be meaner than an acre of snakes. Despite his nervous, fidgety mannerisms on the mound, he works with a vast confidence and determination. That is when he is pitching. When he is not pitching he becomes baseball's No. 1 screwball. "Burdette," they say, "is a real squirrel."

An interviewer capable of getting anything but a wine-crack out of Burdette is a fortunate man indeed. For that matter, his teammates are in the same boat. When Lew and Warren Spahn, the great left-handers who also happen to be one of the game's biggest draws, get together, dignity dwells the Milwaukee clubhouse. It can also happen in hotel lobbies or on trains or even on the field before a game. Vaudeville would never have died if Spahn and Burdette had been around with their routine of crooked caps, absurd faces, ridiculous pepper games and jockeying antics from the bench.

Burdette's imitation of a drunk, only one of half a dozen impersonations he practices upon the long-suffering Braves, still brings down the house. But Lew feels cheated since he had to abandon his favorite performance, an almost perfect reproduction of a policeman's whistle. One night in Chicago he leaned out of a taxicab window, gave a blast—and started traffic for half an hour.

On the road, Spahn and Burdette seem together. "Because we enjoy each other's humor," says Spahn. "Because no one else can stand us," says Burdette.

But the Braves do not really complain. "If that's what it takes to win ball games," they say, "we could use some more squirrels."

Undoubtedly one of baseball's worst hitters, Burdette was able to look back this summer through six long years to the last time he hit a home run, in 1951 when he was playing with San Francisco in the Coast League. But against Cincinnati on August 13, he hit not one but two. After the second, Lew puffed back to the bench and announced he was giving up home-run hitting.

"It's just too dang far," he said, "around these bases."

But beneath the clownish exterior on the one hand and the ornery, determined one on the other, Burdette is a man of many and diversified talents. He has driven a taxi, turned roofs for a construction company, handled a public-relations job and is now vice-president of a real-estate firm in Sarasota, Florida, where for the last two years the Burdett's have made their off-season home.

He is an expert fisherman, a connoisseur of hillbilly and Dixieland music, a home repair man of repute ("Although, usually, when he gets through with cigaret lighters, they never work again," says Mrs. Burdette) and a singer ("This is questionable," says Spahn). Also an articulate and poised after-dinner speaker, a crossword-puzzle expert and, in fact, an expert on just about anything.

"If you want to know how much it usually snows in Alaska or what a salamander eats," says Joe Taylor, the Braves equipment manager, who really doesn't care for



TURNING POINT is decisive seventh game was double play Yankees moved in third inning. In top picture (1) Jerry Coleman is drawn off second base on wild throw by Third Baseman Tony Kubek. (2) Coleman instinctively sets for relay to first, overlooking easy chance for rare out on sliding runner. (3) His throw, as runner crashes past, was late and all Braves were safe.

HEROES IN THE CLUTCH

It is the man who delivers in the clutch who wins World Series. Pitcher Burdette was the Series' outstanding clutch performer, but there were hitters on both sides who came through when needed. The revealing statistics below (based on 10 or more at bats) show that these men were not always the club's leading hitters.

		AT BATS	HITS	PCT.	NUMBER OF AT BATS WITH MEN ON BASE	NUMBER OF HITS WITH MEN ON BASE	CLUTCH HITTING PCT.
BRAVES		AARON	26	11	.423	15	.400
	MATTHEWS	22	5	.227	9	3	.333
	SCHENKERST	18	8	.444	7	3	.429
	ADCOCK	15	3	.200	7	3	.429
	LOGAN	27	5	.185	8	3	.375
	COVINGTON	24	5	.208	9	3	.333
	PAFRO	14	3	.214	5	1	.200
	HAZEL	13	2	.154	4	0	.000
	TORRE	10	3	.300	5	0	.000
	GEARDALL	19	4	.211	8	0	.000
	WATTELL	10	0	.000	4	0	.000
YANKEES		COLEMAN	22	8	.364	5	.400
	WATFLE	19	5	.263	5	3	.600
	LUMPE	14	4	.286	5	3	.600
	BAUER	31	8	.258	9	3	.333
	BERRA	28	8	.286	9	3	.333
	SLAUGHTER	12	3	.250	5	1	.200
	KUBER	28	0	.000	8	3	.375
	MCDUGALD	24	6	.250	10	3	.300
	HOWARD	11	3	.273	10	3	.300
	SIMPSON	12	1	.083	7	1	.143

salamanders but is impressed nonetheless, "just ask Lew. He knows something about everything."

Burdette is also a deliverer of babies, a talent well hidden until Christmas Day, 1954, when the Burdettes' second child, Midge, was born in a police ambulance speeding toward a Milwaukee hospital.

"I'm in this ambulance with a cop and Mary tells me we're not going to make it in time," says Lew. "So I ask the cop, 'What'll I do?' And the cop says, 'See for yourself.' So I did and, by golly, I did all right."

TWO NORMAL BURDETTE

The other two Burdette children, Lewis Kent, now 6, and Mary Lou, now a little over three weeks, arrived in a less spectacular manner, although the baby was born the day after Lew pitched 10 innings in Milwaukee's pennant-clinching victory over the Cards.

Another thing Burdette may become quite soon is a very wealthy young man. After the longest holdout in the history of Milwaukee, Lew signed last spring for \$28,000. His World Series share will be \$9,000 and personal appearances and testimonials could add \$20,000 more. Next year his contract will undoubtedly become fatter—and next year there will almost certainly be another World Series.

The Braves are a young team and a very good team, a fact suddenly more important than in the past because the Braves themselves also believe it now. They became world champions by surmounting a large number of difficulties, not the least of which was winning their own National League pennant in the first place. Whether the Braves of 1956 choked up or lacked the spark of greatness is now academic. In the World Series of 1957 they lacked nothing, and the way they beat the Yankees—after their best pitcher lost the first game, after being harassed in the third,

after losing the vital sixth by one run—was perhaps more important than that they did beat the Yankees.

The man who did most, of course, was Burdette. The defense functioned far better than anyone had expected but the hitters hardly functioned at all. The Braves batted only .309, a figure which stands unchallenged as quite easily the worst team average a seven-game Series winner ever compiled, and only young Henry Aaron, who is known for that sort of thing, emerged with his prowess at the plate undimmed. Among the pitchers, Bob Buhl, who won 36 regular-season games in two years, couldn't come close to winning even one Series game in two starts, and the legendary Spahn, who won and lost in two tries, was something less than his usual legendary self.

But Burdette, facing some of the most dangerous hitters in baseball and throwing an object which now goes "yipe!" when it is bashed with a bat instead of "ugh!" as in the days of Christy Mathewson, performed a feat unmatched since the great Matty's three Series shutouts of 1905. In the first three innings of the second game, the Yankees got to Burdette for two runs. After that, through 24 consecutive innings of tremendous pressure, they didn't score off him once. He beat them 4-2 (second game), 1-0 (fifth game) and 5-0 (seventh game).

In recent years only Harry Brecheen of the 1946 Cardinals has won three games in one World Series and the last of those was in relief. Before that, Stan Coveleske of Cleveland (1934) started and won three Series games, and any reader who knowingly insists that there is more than slight coincidence between Burdette and this grand old spit-ball pitcher will only be referred back to Mr. Stegel.

"Oh, maybe he spits on the ball once in a while," says Casey, "but what the heck. If a man beats me three times

continued on page 55



BARONESS GUY DE ROTHSCHILD (LEFT), WHOSE HORSE PLACED SEVENTH, AND BARON AND BIANCA GUY DE ROTHSCHILD AWAIT THE RACE

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

RENDEZVOUS AT LONGCHAMP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KATZMAN/LIFE

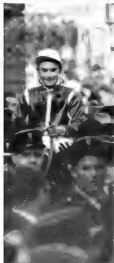
THE Paris 1400/Année du Triomphe is the Continent's richest and most celebrated horse race, and its running traditionally signals the beginning of the Paris winter social season. The international set swarms into Paris in the first week of October for a bout of pressé receptions, dinner parties and excursions to the chestnut-wooded Longchamp course, which observes its 100th anniversary this year. One of the most notable social events is the dinner which Marcel Boussac, textile tycoon and horse owner, tenders on the top floor of Maxim's (see page 30), featuring a savory concoction of Johnnie cooked in whisky. Boussac invites every owner of an Arc de Triomphe entry to his affair, but adds a whimsical condition: If a horse is scratched, the owner is summarily disinvited. The race was won by Gross, a 52-1 shot, from 23 rivals, including C. V. Whitney's Career Boy, who finished 18th. Gross's owner, Raulo Mayer, promptly accepted an invitation to run his colt in the Washington International at Laurel next month.



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FRENCH *Jeudy* Seng-Hallenger, and Lily Condanne, leave track on a new Opel.



A NEWCOMER to racing, David Epping made his Newmarket debut on the race with his trainer Sir Graham Richards on the 11th. The Price of Peace finished 12th.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued



ORNER KMS... HENRI HIRSAUL... RACLODER... HENRI BOIT (RIGHT) SAMPLE BUFFET AT RECEPTION OF SOCIETE D'ENCOURAGEMENT

ANIMATED TALK engages John Schapira (center), who secured Oscar for Laurel International, and Cernie Maury.



SOLITARY FEMALE in Marcel Beusman's champagne dinner for the winners, trainers and jockeys of Prix horses in Miss. Rany Volterra.





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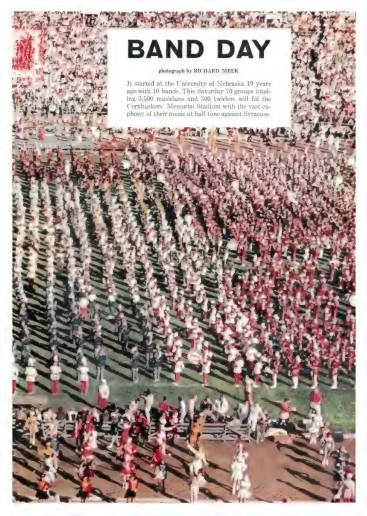


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An aerial photograph of a large crowd at a football stadium. The crowd is dense, with many people wearing red and white clothing. The stadium seating is visible, and the field is in the foreground. The overall scene is one of a large-scale event, likely a football game or a band performance.

BAND DAY

photograph by RICHARD MEEK

It started at the University of Nebraska 19 years ago with 10 bands. This Saturday 70 groups totaling 3,500 musicians and 500 twirlers will fill the Cornhuskers' Memorial Stadium with the vast cacophony of their music at half time against Syracuse.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

BEREAVEMENT IN NEW YORK • SILENCE IN PHILLY • THE
SHOE RIDES A DOUBLE • GOLF ON THE HOME SCREEN • A
MOTOR SCOOTERIST'S GUIDE • HOW TO SOOTHE A GRIZZLY

LAMENT FOR NEW YORK

There has been the bitterest season in New York's baseball history. Almost in one breath, the metropolis has lost its two National League clubs and the World Championship.

The first blow is heavier than the second; it is a diatribe that New York next year will be unable to see half of the greatest stars in the national game. Mayor Wagner is making noises about bringing some other National League franchise to the city, but nothing in his pernickish handling of the situation leads us to think that these amount to more than empty phrases.

New York fans who are also baseball lovers will freely recognize that the game benefits from the extension of the major leagues to California. They will be pardoned, though, for feeling this hardly compensates for their own bereavement. It is a sad situation which has been brought about by a combination of sophistication on the part of New Yorkers who have so many amusements from which to choose, of transportation and parking difficulties in this huge community, and of the negligence of City Hall.

The Yankees' loss of the World Championship caps this humiliation. Here again many New York fans will join others across the country in feeling that Milwaukee's triumph is good for baseball. Yet, there is a tribute which needs to be paid to the Yankees.

Stengel's was not a great ball club, certainly not as good as some of the previous Yankee teams which built up the legend of invincibility this one came so close to sustaining. But it was a well-drilled club which exuded class. It had class in defeat. It even exuded class in the final Series game, when it committed all those errors, of which only three were officially charged.

To Casey Stengel bitter defeat comes

in his 67th year—at an age when he cannot hope to compete in many more World Series. Perhaps, in defeat, this man is etched more sharply in our minds than ever before. He has been cheered and booed and laughed at and second-guessed across the length and breadth of the land. He is one of the great game's great personalities.

WHODUNIT

SUPERLATIVES are in order for the Notre Dame-Army game at Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia last Saturday. College football is not likely to produce a more thrilling game all year (see page 18); oldtimers at Notre Dame-Army games could hardly recall a better, closer, more dramatic encounter between the two schools since it all started in 1915. To such agreeable matters of congratulation, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** must add a note for the record: The host team (Army) failed to

provide play-by-play information over the public-address system, so that most of the 93,000 in the cavernous stands—unlike the TV audience—must have had to wait for their Sunday newspapers to learn just who did what.

The game was 2½ minutes old, for example, when an Army back ran 81 yards for a touchdown—but unless you had 30-30 vision and could read his number (21) as he ran, and then refer to your program, it was very possibly Sunday before you learned that this particular hero was Bob Anderson, a second-year man from Cocoa, Fla. And so it went. It was Nick Pietromonte of Ansonia, Conn. who gained most of those yards for the Irish, ladies and gentlemen, and it was Monty Stickles, a sophomore from Poughkeepsie, who won the game for Notre Dame with that 28-yard field goal—just a few minutes after the same Monty Stickles

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• Pull Hitler's Paradise

Now that Walter O'Malley has led his Dodgers from Inglewood to Los Angeles he must find a park for them to play in. At present O'Malley favors the Coliseum, a 160,000-seat concrete football bowl with the dimensions of a pull Hitler's paradise: the projected load here would be the shortest in the majors—only 250 feet in right, 290 in left.

• Corvettes in Caracas

The final race for the sports car manufacturers' championship (others: Sebring, Le Mans, etc.) will be held in Caracas November 3 and will decide the title, since Ferrari now leads Maserati by a mere three points. Extra \$500; a privately sponsored entry of three Corvettes, including two 1956 models.

• Wrestler with Pius

Dan Hodge, the Oklahoma University wrestler who was undefeated in 45 intercollegiate bouts, has given up plans to teach school in favor of a boxing career. No Radomacher, heavyweight: Hodge hopes to gain experience among the amateurs and, if successful, turn professional at the preliminary-bout level.

• A Helsinki Is Eliminated

The U.S. government filed the 15-year-old regulation which required that all visitors be fingerprinted. One anticipated result is that the oft-postponed U.S.-Russia home-and-home track meets may now take place.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

had apparently kicked the game away by missing a point-after-touchdown.

Ah, well, there hasn't been a better argument all year for staying home and watching the game on television.

A DAY FOR WILLIE

WILLIE SHUEMAKER had the two best horses in America at his disposal last week, but he had to make a choice. He could stay at Belmont and ride Gallant Man in the \$75,000 Jersey Club Gold Cup or fly to Chicago and ride Round Table in the \$100,000 Hawthorne Gold Cup.

It was a dilemma new to Willie because, since last June, Gallant Man and Round Table have never run on the same day—and Willie consummate himself a handsome summer by shuttling from home to home, capturing more than half a million dollars' worth of stakes races. Gritting his teeth, Will decided to stay East and ride Gallant Man, and the choice didn't turn out badly at all. For one thing, he rode Gallant Man to victory in the Gold Cup; for another, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham asked him to ride Jewell's Reward in the \$135,000 Champagne Stakes on the same day's card—and Willie won that too. It was the richest day of racing in the history of New York State, and Shuemaker had earned himself \$13,807. "I guess," he said quietly, "this was the greatest day I've ever had."

The victory of Jewell's Reward made it a great day for Mrs. Graham, too. Twice she had gambled with this horse, and twice won. She first rediscovered him in the Saratoga Yearling Sales in 1956, but when the bidding reached only \$3,500 she used her reserved bid and kept the horse. Then, nine days before the race, she entered him in the Champagne at the cost of a \$7,500 supplementary fee. She has now won \$214,250 with the colt, who needs only \$40,000 more to become the richest 2-year-old in the history of American racing. She has almost trained the horse herself, putting thousands of patients into him in Chicago and New York and supervising him all along.

Out in Chicago, meanwhile, in the race that Willie didn't ride, the Hawthorne Gold Cup was won by Round Table in track-record time—adding more fuel to the conviction of Californians and others that it is Round Table who deserves the title of Horse of the Year.

While the racing house stands divided, Willie Shuemaker has apparently made up his mind. He seems to prefer Gallant Man and expects to ride him in the Washington, D.C. International on November 11 against the best horses in the world, including Round Table. The West Coast, which has the Dodgers, the Giants and Round Table won't like it, but like any good shuemaker, Willie is sticking to his host.

4 O'CLOCK TEE

PORKEY CHAVEN and **Julius Boros** appeared on eastern television screens last Saturday afternoon at 4, playing golf. Oliver won, with a 62 to Boros' 68. An hour later the same match was telecast in the Central time zone, and an hour westward to the Pacific. That's reached most viewers at exactly the same hour—4 p.m. The match was on film, of course, and was actually played last November at the Phoenix (Arizona) Country Club. It was the first of 24 hour-long golf shows which ABC will broadcast on Saturday afternoon this winter. This Saturday Oliver will be challenged by Mike Souchak. As on certain quiz shows, the winner keeps playing as long as he wins.

All-Star Golf is the invention of Peter DeMet, the Chicago Pontiac dealer who first discovered that televised bowling matches have an almost hypnotic fascination for viewers. Watching one more strike is irresistible, like eating one more peanut. The contestants will include many top pros: Gary Middlestead, Jack Burke Jr., Sam Snead, Ed Furgate, et al. The matches were actually played out in order, on many southwestern courses (for easy filming), and were played as nearly as possible under USGA rules.

There were certain exceptions, though. Setting up the cameras for each new hole made a round last some six hours instead of three, so the players were allowed to take practice shots while waiting on the camera crews. Also, for the convenience of the living-room viewer, a player keeps putting until he holes out instead of following the rule whereby the player farthest away from the cup hits first.

Each week the winner gets \$2,000 and the chance to win again the following week: the loser gets \$1,000 and is eliminated. Anyone who scores an eagle gets an extra \$500, and the man who makes a hole-in-one will find his golf ball sitting in a cup at the foot of the clubhouse—the hole-in-one prize is \$10,000.

It's also difficult to attract plenty of nonplaying viewers as well as the 5 million or so active devotees of the game. To this end each shot is explained with care, and the announcer sometimes discusses briefly on the rules of the game.

There is also the matter of suspense. **WV Parky Oliver** beat off Mike Souchak on Saturday, with another \$2,000 and go on to greater glory? Well, naturally the question has already been answered, since the match was filmed months ago. But the answer is classified *top secret*, and only a few insiders know. The rest of us will have to tune in to find out.

TWO-WHEEL TOURIST

JOE YOUNG, a 27-year-old resident of Salt Lake City, has a red beard, a wife, three small children and a Lambretta motor scooter. One day not long ago, he kissed his wife and children goodby, boarded his motor scooter and drove the 3,000 miles to New York City and back, collecting insects in his ginger beard as he went, the way a Ford does in its radiator. Why did Joe Young do this? Well, he is a disc jockey for Salt Lake City's Station KIDY. At stop along the way he phoned back bulletins to his public and these were recorded and played on his programs.

The trip was planned for two weeks, but took three. Not that the Lambretta was slow; ordinary motorists were astonished to see the little contraption shooting along a highway at 55 mph. ("That's its top speed," says Young, "unless you're going downhill.") The



best day's run was 546 miles, the worst 134. In Cleveland, on the return trip, both Young and his scooter found themselves performing sluggishly; the Lambretta was clogged with carbon and Joe had the flu. But after two days both were fit again and on the road.

As a pioneer in long-distance motor scooter travel, Joe Young made a number of observations which will be useful to those who may follow in his wheel tracks. Here they are:

1) In tunnels never ride the middle of the lane; ride the tire tracks, for the center is slippery with oil.

2) Be especially cautious around trucks. The splash of the wind they create can move you sideways as much

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

as these feet, possibly into oncoming traffic.

3) Never drive at night in Iowa. ("There are no drivers in Iowa willing to dim their headlights.")

4) Be careful at railroad crossings in Ohio. They are humper there than anywhere else.

5) Beware of large rocks, oil slicks and shark holes, any one of which can throw you.

6) Wear a crash helmet.

7) Heed the "reduce speed" signs around small towns in the East. They may herald a railroad crossing, which is poison to a fast-traveling motorist.

8) Stay off tarapipes in fog and at night. A huge truck—with the driver so high and you so low—could run right over you without the driver's ever seeing you. (Toll collectors and highway patrolmen may have a motor scooter from a turnpike anyway, unwilling to believe that it can hold the pace.)

9) Stay overnight in a comfortable place. Don't plan to sleep out along the highway. You need a comfortable bed to get the kinks out.

Yet, apparently, the kinks were not too severe. The day after he got back home, Young said he'd be willing to do it again some time—"If I could just take a little more time."

It seems odd that Young put up with the nuisance of visiting insects out of his beard in the interest of economy, but this is the case, and it works out this way: motor scooters are strongly affected by the wind, so most of the time Young drove without the scooter's plastic windshield in order to lessen wind resistance. This arrangement permitted the bombardment of grasshoppers, gnats and dragon flies, but it also allowed him to get 100 miles to the gallon.

SONGS FOR A BEAR

A MINNEAPOLIS have catalogued the tricks of wilderness survival in letters, novels, handbooks, manuals, ballroom lectures and campfire talks for the last couple of hundred years, but the other day Major Howard Martin, 47, retired Army officer, was able to add a completely new and novel directive to the long, long list: "If (tried by a grizzly bear—sing)" The major and his grizzly, a large and ill-tempered female, encountered each other in the Montana wilderness near the little town of Swan Lake. The major, who was out hunting

blue grouse with his dog Nig, had a limit of three birds and not a cure in the world at the moment of contact, but the bear, who was apparently out hunting a lost cub, was in a much less satisfied mood.

As soon as she spotted the major, in fact, it became obvious that she blamed him for all her troubles. Her hackles rose. She growled. She charged. Since she was only 60 feet away the major had to climb fast, and there was nothing to climb but two small Engelmann's spruce—trees which were but six inches through the base, and had branches only as big as his thumb. He dropped his .22 rifle and scrambled into one, while Nig bawled him a few seconds' time by barking at the monster. Then the bear rose, swung at him, missed by six inches, and tore all the lower bark and branches off his sanctuary. Martin hopped to the next tree, putting himself 10 inches out of the bear's reach, and there he stayed for 14 hours.

The major was freed at about 4:00 in the afternoon. Nig the dog stayed nearby, barking at the bear until 5:00, and then discreetly trotted home. The bear glared up at Martin and Martin glared down at the bear. Every time he shifted his cramped limbs the bear rose to her hind legs and swung. After one near miss he was moved to protest. "Hey," he told the bear, "stop it."

"I noticed right off," he reported later, "that she didn't charge so hard, so I talked to her. I said, 'You just wait. I'll get your skin. You won't get mine.' " After a while he began singing. He is a singer with little voice and less repertoire. "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning," he belted, to the tune of

revolve, occasionally interspersing blasphemous Army paraphrasing. The bear seemed charmed. He switched to *The Bear Went Over the Mountain*. The least below seemed appreciative, but refused to go.

He tried bribery and threw down his bag of three grouse. The bear gobbled them up, crunching the bones noisily. It was dark now and, after eating, the bear growled, lay down and went to sleep. Martin began lighting Klemm's tissues and dropping them on her. The bear roused, but simply flicked them away. Worse, one of them set his tree on fire and when he scrambled lower in desperation to put out the little flame she started for him. He looked her in the face and scatted little bark. She growled horribly and sniped at him. He sang. She went to sleep again. She awoke at 4 and did her best to murder him again. "Show me the way to go home," he croaked, shivering with cold, but confident, now, in the power of music. "I'm tired and I want to go to bed." She relaxed. At daybreak the bear began showing signs of being initiated with the major's voice. She wandered away, came back and wandered away again. At 8 o'clock she croaked off and did not return. Martin waited for a half hour and then, finally, slid to the ground, picked up his rifle and made tracks. The bear was gone for good and he got home unsolicited.

"I never sang so much in my life," he said afterward. "Sometimes I sang loud. Sometimes I sang soft. It didn't seem to make any difference. That old bear calmed down every time. I'm going to keep my voice limbered up from now on when I go back into the brush—and carry a .45."

AUTUMN



The sharp clamor of geese passing high in the dark, not dogs barking off in ignorance, is what we heard and imagined their strong flying.

The football panted away over the copper beach was lost forever.

But in the sanctity of the thicket, there we found a brood of bobwhite with pitiful, round and golden eyes under the wind.

All along the beach at night the bare fishermen stand, joined in the ransing sea by their lines.

Today was green as a bottle, the air contained in glass.

Corvettes lurched and the geese came down from Canada and walked in the pasture.

— GILBERT HUGHES



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The Viyella pattern shown in our photograph is a Cammermeier Tartan. It costs \$18.95. Go to the better stores and see Hathaway's whole thriving range of Viyella shirts.

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A LOW-PRESSURE ENGINEER

When Coach Bobby Dodd sends his Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets against Auburn Saturday, the Southeastern Conference title may hang on the outcome. But to the relaxed Dodd, it will still be a game for fun

by DON PARKER

LIFE HAS treated Robert E. Lee Dodd, the gentleman with the cautious smile on the opposite page, rather handsomely. Only last year, the alumni of Georgia Institute of Technology, where Dodd is head football coach and athletic director, bought him a \$50,000 home. It is his as long as he remains athletic director, a job which carries a lifetime tenure if Dodd wants it. Also, Dodd gets a new car every year, thanks to the alumni, simply because they like him personally and appreciate his value as the caretaker of Georgia Tech's long and extraordinarily successful football tradition, of which the Institute is justifiably proud.

In the past 25 years Georgia Tech has won 368 games. Only three major teams have won more in this period. Bobby Dodd was at Tech every one of those years—the first 13 of them as an assistant to W. A. (Bill) Alexander. Since becoming the third head coach in Tech's history in 1945, Dodd has won 102, lost 28, tied four.

"Practice this week in preparation for the Tigers will be the same as for any other game," says Dodd. "We'll throw some passes, run some plays, kick the ball around and have some fun. Low pressure all the way. And on Saturday the kids will be ready."

The "kids" are one of the real anomalies in big-time college football. Because of Tech's high academic standards their football players must be scholars in fact as well as name. This keeps many of the beefy tackle types

away from Tech and has forced Dodd to replace size with speed. Yet Dodd makes his system work in one of the toughest conferences in the country—the Southeastern.

Even this year, while Dodd is rebuilding after losing nine starters from last year's Gator Bowl champions, his Yellow Jackets are again a team to be feared as much as any in the South. Their record so far would not bear this out, as their only win has been over weak Kentucky, followed by a tie with SMU and last Saturday's stunning 25-13 loss to Louisiana State. On Saturday, Tech tangles with the undefeated Auburn Tigers, recent victors over Tennessee, and the form says that Auburn is bound to win this, its last serious obstacle on the road to its first Southeastern title. However, the form can be grievously wrong when it

comes to sizing up the quick, smart, opportunistic teams that year after year are machined on the lathe of Bobby Dodd. For he is full of surprises as well as contradictions.

Without football Dodd would probably have wound up just another guy from Kingsport, Tennessee. So it was surprising to hear him warn the other day that he might lead a movement to put an end to intercollegiate football; cut off the hand that feeds him.

"Recruiting has gotten too far out of hand," he explained. He sat, feet propped up on his glass-topped desk, surrounded by a battery of cream-colored telephones. Occasionally one of the instruments would ring and Bobby would briskly dispatch instructions or note information.

"Illegal recruiting," he continued, *continued*

25-YEAR FOOTBALL SCOREBOARD

Here is a list of the 13 winningest college football teams of the past 25 years. Georgia Tech ranks 15th in win-loss percentage, but the Engineers' victory total ties that of Duke for fourth place.

TEAM	WON	LOST	TIED	PCT.
Notre Dame	175	46	14	.795
Tennessee	184	53	12	.776
Oklahoma	177	54	17	.766
Duke	169	58	11	.744
Michigan St.	169	63	12	.739
Army	160	87	14	.737
Ohio State	157	88	12	.717
Michigan	152	82	6	.719
Alabama	161	68	16	.703
USC	158	78	21	.689
Princeton	128	63	11	.687
Georgia Tech	149	58	9	.683
Boston Col.	155	64	14	.685
Minnesota	123	69	13	.658
Penn State	129	75	11	.637

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY B. SEXTON

BOBBY DODD

continues

"I mean the kind where a coach will go out and offer a kid the world with a fence around it—it's going to ruin football. It's bad enough now, and if it gets any worse I'll have to stand up and say, 'Let's get rid of intercollegiate football. Let's play on an intramural basis. But let's play it honest.'"

Nevertheless, a great deal of Dodd's success as a coach stems from his ability to recruit football players to get outstanding high school stars to come to Tech. "Sure," he admits, "we recruit here. But I can't think of one instance where we ever got a boy

using unethical tactics. We offer them what the Southeastern Conference allows. A kid comes here, he gets his tuition, books, meals, a place to sleep and a little laundry money, and if he spends the money on laundry he doesn't have anything left over at the end of the month.

"Now, there are some schools in this conference," said Dodd, "and other conferences, too, that go beyond the rules. They'll offer a boy money; they'll help his parents with the mortgage; they'll buy him fancy clothes even when he's still in high school. Actually what these coaches are doing is offering kids bribes. They coach a ballplayer while he's still young and fairly im-

pressionable to be 'on the take.' So what happens? The kid starts going around with his hand out all the time. And, normally, he'll remember this lesson better than anything else he'll learn in college. Take, take, take. Don't give anything for nothing. There are enough schools out recruiting with good hard cash to make me think that if we can't stop illegal recruiting maybe we ought to stop football."

Dodd screwed up his deeply lined face and chewed thoughtfully on an unlit cigar. "You know, if the football people don't start clearing on their own, they're going to be in trouble," he went on. "College presidents and alumni, people like that aren't going to stand for any more scandals. Why I was shocked myself this morning just going over the NCAA list of schools on probation for illegal practices. There must be at least 10. Of the 10 schools on NCAA probation, eight are there for illegal recruiting. [Down here in the Southeastern Conference we have a recruiting deadline. We can't sign a boy to a scholarship until midnight, December 7. You know what some of the coaches do to get a kid? They'll take three off to the mountains on a fishing trip and hide them out for a few days before the deadline. Then they sign them right at midnight and the fishing trip is over. It almost amounts to kidnapping. We've never done that here at Tech. In fact, it has been rare that we've signed anybody right on the deadline. I think I signed one boy at midnight this year and that was because he asked me to. He said it would save him from being pressured all night by other schools.

"Some schools go all over the country to get players. Here at Tech, we try to get the local boy. I believe if you have local boys you will have a better team. Me, for instance, I can talk to a boy from this area in my language and he'll understand me. We have something in common. A kid from up North—well, it's just not the same. I can take a boy from the Southeast and fly him up so he'll play 100%; of what he's capable. Now I don't know why it should be that way, but it is.

"Another funny thing. Generally, a southern boy hasn't got the physical size that kids from Pennsylvania or Texas or even Minnesota have. But they've got this unbelievable spirit and willingness. I think you get a bunch together from the same region and they're going to play better together because they have this common background—a common understanding—that makes for better teamwork.



DRAGG is important on any football team, but Tech also requires rugged agility. Here, two hefty linemen practice balance by trying to maintain straddle position over spar.



DRAGG are a main at Tech, where there are no map courses. Guard Dan Thorsdalen (left), Ends Jerry Nelson (center) and Tommy Rowe work out an intricate electric problem.

Anyway, we try to get the local boy. "We rely on Tech's scholastic and football records as the paragon. And, of course, public relations. A coach, he's got to be a public relations man, a salesman. You have a product to sell—in this case, Georgia Tech—and you've got to sell it the best way you know how. Technical education is a highball. We turn out engineers. Everyone wants to hire engineers. The kids, they get jobs a year before they get out of school and they make good money. And you've got to realize that our football tradition helps, too. We've been in six bowls the last six years. Was every one of them. Been in eight bowls since I became head coach 12 years ago. I think kids like a winner."

ON TO TENNESSEE

Bobby's liking to be a winner developed after he went from Kingsport High to the University of Tennessee, where General Robert Neyland, then the dean of southern football, was glad to have him. With Dodd, a slight 155-pounder, as quarterback, Tennessee was undefeated in 1928 and 1929, although tied each season by Kentucky, and in 1930 they lost only to Alabama. Bobby was chosen as All-America in 1930. The next season he went to Tech as assistant to Coach Alexander.

From Neyland, Dodd learned precision. "The General," said Bobby, "was the greatest planner I ever met in football. I remember in 1929 he wanted to put in a trick play for the Vanderbilt game. I was to take a handoff, back into the line with the ball hidden in my lap and then, just as soon as I saw daylight, turn and run fast as I could. I argued with the General about how far I could run without being caught. I said 50 yards. He said 20. During the game I didn't call the play until we were right on Vandy's 20. It worked and I got loose. They tackled me right on the goal line. The General had it figured to the yard, and just sort of winked at me after the game was over."

Always one step ahead of his opposition as a strategist, Dodd believes that the multiple offense soon will replace the T as the standard college offense. "Multiple offense is the coming thing," he said. "We're beginning to use unbalanced lines left and right with flankers and split ends. Sort of like the pro offense. Of course, you can never get as wide-open as the pros with college rules. The pros, they can play platoon football. They can afford to have the guy who can throw the running pass but can't tackle. They can have the end with the great hands who

couldn't bust up a sweep if it came right at him. In college where you have to have boys who can play both ways—offense and defense—and be good at both, well, you can't develop the degree of skill that is absolutely necessary for a wide-open game. But I do think that the T or split-T as a basic college formation is a thing of the past. I think you'll find more and more college teams turning to some form of multiple next year," he said.

"Vanderbilt, now, Vanderbilt runs something they call the variegated T," he went on. "It's just their own name for it. We run practically the same thing but we call it the multiple T. I think Vandy and Tech are the only two teams playing out of a multiple in the South this year, but next year you'll see a lot more of the same thing. The T and the split-T have been defended almost to the saturation point, so you've got to change your offense to keep the defense guessing. The multiple T accomplished this."

Dodd, in other words, tends to regard football strategy in terms of the well-known military axiom that the balance of power continuously swings from offense to defense and then back again. As one of the most distinguished football strategists, he illustrated this with his own experience at Tech. "Anything new, like the belly series we started a few years ago, turns into a monster on you after a while," he pointed out. "And one day we'll come up against a team that will have developed a defense for the multiple and they'll probably rack us up. But we'll still be ahead of the game because the next week we'll be able to look at the movies of the game, see how we were defended and we'll have the answer right quick without having to waste all that time experimenting on how to stop the multiple. You let the other team do the work for you and you always stay ahead of them."

Like most head coaches today, Dodd does very little actual coaching himself. "Most of the coaching I do is with my staff," says Dodd. "We get together for planning sessions in the morning and we go over what I want them to do with the team that day. The method is mine. The technique is mine. But the actual teaching, that's something else. Oh, I'll get out there and show a boy how to punt or how to quarterback. These are the things I'm best at. But how to throw a brush block, or how to block downfield or how to tackle—I've got specialists on my staff to teach those things, and

continued

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BOBBY DODD

continued

they teach them better than I ever possibly could. Coaching nowadays is a complicated proposition. When I played at Tennessee, General Neyland had two assistants and that was it. Times have changed since then. I've got anywhere from 18 to 19 coaches out working with the squad every day. You have to have offensive specialists and defensive specialists. Sort of two-platoon coaching. The head coach—he spends most of his time talking to quarterback clubs, answering phone calls from alumni, making personal appearances, talking to reporters. Sometimes I feel lucky to get out on the field on a Saturday afternoon."

Though Dodd is only 48, there are always rumors that he will give up coaching and become full-time athletic director, yielding the Tech reins to Assistant Head Coach Ray Graves.

"There's always stories about me going to quit," laughs Dodd. "I'm only 48 and I've got a lot of years left. But I'll tell you this. I've been in this game too long to have to start taking a lot of guff from people because we're had a bad season. The day the complaints start coming in about Bobby Dodd, that's the day I quit. I figure it takes about two bad seasons to get people down on you. Then they start yelling and calling you names. Well, just as soon as that starts happening, I'm through. I'll just step down and let Ray Graves take over. But as long as things are going right—and they seem to be—I'm going to coach football. Hell, it's fun. And I like it."

Dodd rubbed the bridge of his battered nose tenderly. It had been broken years ago when he was an undergraduate at Tennessee. Oddly enough, the injury was not suffered in football, but in basketball. "Vance Marvel," Dodd laughed. "That old son of a gun Vance Marvel busted my nose. We came down to Atlanta to play Tech in basketball. I was a guard. Vance—now he was a great football player, a tackle on Tech's Rose Bowl team—but at basketball he was nothing' at all. Well, he came up and whopped me on the nose with his elbow or something, and I went off on queer street for a minute or two. One of the trainers plugged my nose with cotton and we went on with the game. We beat Tech—I forget what the score was—but we beat 'em anyhow. My nose was hurting a little after the game and I think I decided to give it a good blow. Well, sir, a piece of bone that seemed like the size of a

walrus took come plunking out and my nose just caved in on one side and it's been like this ever since. There wasn't any way you could put that bone back up in there. And I never got hurt a lick playing football."

Bobby was never much of a student at Tennessee. He never did graduate, a fact he regrets to this day. Consequently, Dodd has a near obsession about the importance of a diploma and he insists that his players complete their studies and graduate. Because of this he keeps his athletes on scholarship long after their athletic eligibility has expired. For it often takes five years for a boy to receive a diploma at the tough engineering school.

Asked if he had any special plans for the game with Auburn on Saturday, Dodd grinned impishly and replied:

"Oh, maybe we'll brush up on the Kingsport pass play a bit. It works pretty good against Auburn. We used it against them four years ago and scored four times. The quarterback fakes, hides the ball, then throws to one of his ends. You never saw men so free as our ends were against Auburn. I call it the Kingsport play because I picked it up from my old high school coach Ed Sprinkle at Kingsport. I guess we must have scored 49 touchdowns with it at Tech."

JORDAN LEARNED

Across the state border in Auburn, Alabama, a couple of days later, Coach Ralph (Shag) Jordan of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, grunted his teeth when reminded of how Tech foiled him with the Kingsport pass. "That damn old wobbly little pass liked to killed us that day," he recalled. "But I learned my lesson."

Auburn's offense is relatively simple. Jordan drills five or six plays to perfection, and this is his attack. Against Tennessee, he used only five plays, but the execution was magnificent.

Dodd, on the other hand, will be mixing it up, trying to baffle the Auburn defense with unbalanced lines, split ends and flankers.

The game, a sellout since last summer, is one of the most ferocious rivalries in the South and brings together two of the most rabid sets of alumni anywhere. Friendly banals are commonplace in the stands. Strangely enough, the aftermath of the game is apt to be peaceful only if Auburn loses. Dodd explains it this way:

"Those Auburn people, they're fire losers. Don't come any better. But when they win, watch out. They want to tear the place apart." **JMR**

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BRITANNIA RULES

The golf expert of the London Sunday Times cheers Britain's famous victory in the Ryder Cup, but deplores some bad winners on both sides stimulated by the slaughter of Goliath

by HENRY LONGHURST

AN INTERNATIONAL contest at any game consists of the two elements—the play and the spirit. The play we can see for ourselves. The spirit is represented by the background of harmony, international brotherhood, all boys together and the rest of it which are put so admirably and at such unreasonably length by speakers at the celebratory dinner. If these qualities are missing, the finest exhibition of skill by the best players in the world cannot make up for their absence or render the contest itself worthwhile.

As to the play in the 1957 Ryder Cup match, it represented an honest triumph for the professionals of "Great Britain and Eire"—and let some of the concomitant unpleasantness be allowed to obscure the fact. All these men were ordinary club professionals who play in 10 or 12 tournaments a year, manning themselves against the flower of American professional golfers, who spend almost their entire working lives in tournament golf and outnumber them by about six to one. Fired by a patriotic spirit which seemed a little lacking among their more individualistic rivals, David Ross and his men slew the Goliath of American golf, and slew it good and proper.

For more than 20 years I have been reading—and, I confess, writing—articles on "What is wrong with British golf?" Now it remains for someone for the first time since we won the Walker Cup in 1938 to write "What is wrong with American golf?" A delicious thought, but none of my business. Nevertheless, the fact remains that after leading 3-1 in the tournaments,

continued



DEMONSTRATIVE PATRIOTISM of British fans (above) tried visitors' nerves, but Bobby Jones' usual placidity (below) in holding up traffic for U.S. Captain Jackie Burke.



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BRITANNIA

continued

in which two pairs went around in 68, the Americans fell down like ninetails against a barrage net of 45s but of 71s.

More figures, however, do not tell the treasury in match play. Most professionals hold most of the six-figure trust of the time. The real hero is the man who holes them when the other man has just holed a 10-yarder. In every match the British showed the real moral courage without which you cannot win at golf, and hats should be lifted to them for it on both sides of the Atlantic.

As to the other aspects of this match which have been publicized in the United States, they would be better forgotten were it not for the fact that someone has now to decide whether the Anglo-American alliance can stand the strain of another Ryder Cup match being played at all. The present impression is that it can't—especially if the Russians are going to launch satellites to coincide with the angles.

There is much to be rewarded against both sides, and not only against the players at that, but against "certain sections"—which always means the ones that the writer himself does not write for—of the British press. What is news? That Britain has won a glorious victory at golf, or that one tempestuous American has blown his top in the locker room, or that one British player dropped from the singles

declares that he will never play under the same captain again?

One journalist whom I have not previously seen at an international match recorded: "For far too long British golf has covered before the dollar-chasing success-influenced Americans, with their arrogance in victory and belief that British golfers are just a bunch of hard-up country cursing." For your information, gentlemen, I have seen every Anglo-American golf match since 1945, except one, and God knows I have seen enough winning Americans, but I have never seen one yet who by any conceivable stretch of the imagination could be described as "arrogant in victory."

Those who love golf, and particularly by those of us who have the luck to know each other's two countries fairly well, have cause to be alarmed about this match. From the American point of view, the general attitude of Tommy Bolt was by any standard abominable. It is possible for any man to radiate hostility, argue with the referee, break his clubs in half and pass vitriolic comments on the spectators and his hosts in general; but if he feels that way, someone should persuade him to abstain from taking part in contests calculated to foster good will. Poor old Sam Ryder, whose daughter was present at the dinner, must have turned in his grave.

Again, while it was impolite of some of the American team not to turn up at the dinner—some of them, I remember, did the same thing after winning

TOMMY'S TERRIBLE TEMPER



at Finschurst in 1961—it was unforgivable of them not even to wait for the presentation of the cup and of the little souvenir of the match that their opponents were waiting to give them. Incidentally, they missed by their absence a rather splendid moment when the captain of the club, reading at excessive length from a script prepared the previous evening, included the stout declaration, "We are not downhearted"—only to be corrected by an exuberant crowd shouting, "We won!"

From the British point of view, the PGA, having hawked the match round various municipalities and failed to gain the necessary financial support, accepted a truly generous and wholly benevolent offer from a Sheffield industrialist which involved playing the match from a clubhouse and from a headquarters calculated to give our visitors a far from fair impression of golf in Britain. The most congenial clubs ever here often have most elementary clubhouses judged by American standards, and Lindrick is one of them. The American team would have liked the members, had they ever met them, but the latter retired, for lack of space, to a marquee of their own, and were not allowed in at all. The huge golf bags now deemed necessary would not go into the ancient lockers. There were only two lavatories, and no showers. Bob's remark at first sight ("This the clubhouse? Then where do they keep the baggage?") illustrates what I mean. Dammit, you can't help

having a secret liking for the man!

Again, to be dumped down in the center of an industrial city in a commercial hotel characterized by that form of yellow strip lighting which causes everyone to look as though he had jaundice and by an inability to serve breakfast at the hour made necessary by an early start to the match half an hour's drive away was not calculated to give our guests and their charming wives an idyllic impression of the "home of golf." If they could not wait to get away at the end, there was one Englishman who in his heart did not blame them.

Two years remain before the Ryder Cup match is due to be played again and, clearly, more hard thinking must be done on both sides. I suggest the following points:

One, the match should be made truly international and not between two closed-shop professional associations with restrictions which could this year exclude such stars as Mielkeoff and Demaret.

Two, each country should appoint through the Royal and Ancient and the United States Golf Association acting in concert with the two PGAs an independent selection committee, thus doing away with the point system which resulted in the remarkable conclusion that Sam Snead was not among the 10 best golfers in America.

Three, the selection committees from each of our two countries should include

continued

THOUGH Tommy (Thunder) Bob's outburst at Lindrick were not the first in his 11-year career as a professional golfer, and will not be the last, there seems to be no doubt that for once there was some reason of justification for his behavior. The notoriously partisan British galleries, realizing that for the first time in 24 years they were going to win the Ryder Cup, could not restrain their enthusiasm and cheered the American team as lustily as they did the British winners. They howled like Midwestern baseball fans. This is hard enough as the champion career, and Bob's were simply not equal in the task.

Tommy was born 38 years ago in Hawthorth, Ohio, and didn't join the professional circuit until 1950 after several years as a free lance, part-time carpenter and driving range instructor. He brought to the fair a field manner of dress and a very hot temper. Bob, who has the nose and chin of Bob Hope and bears a strong facial resemblance to the golfing comedian, wore worn black suede shoes with gold saddles, mustard-colored slacks, black sport shirt, and sweater with yellow or white piping, staged the falcons breaking course re-

ords or smashing golf clubs with equal aplomb. He established a firm reputation as a hothead and then complained about that, claiming it cost him valuable endorsements.

Bob is actually an excellent and solid striker of the ball, but he has never reached the peaks so many claim to the game expected he would. As one touring pro proclaimed recently, perhaps with some exaggeration, "A guy who hits the ball as well as Bob should be winning 50 or 40 tournaments a year." There seems to be only one explanation for his failure to match the potential that is there: overconfidence.

Off the course Tommy is a generous and convivial companion, but under the intense strain of competition he will smash clubs one after the other and complain loudly and profusely about the gallery or even about his opponent. In the 1954 PGA championship he actually threatened to walk out right in the middle of his quarter-final match with Sam Snead.

This season Tommy's volatile temper seemed to have quieted down somewhat, and it was hoped that he was in for a spell of reformation. His backsliding came at an unfortunate time for American golf,



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BRITANNIA

established

the first two qualifications required by the USGA in choosing Walker Cup teams. I quote: "The principles which guide the executive committee in selection of international teams are: 1) Merit as a competitive golfer, based upon records in tournaments of importance in recent years. 2) Sportsmanship and general ability to represent the United States in international relations. . . . Selection of team members

is not influenced by age or geography."

Four, a Ryder Cup fund should be raised to insure complete independence for the new truly international contest and the playing of it in circumstances worthy of its new status.

In the meantime, let it never be forgotten that this year's match represented a very remarkable golfing achievement on the part of the British. The other aspects may be quietly remembered but no longer mentioned. Thus out of a little evil might come forth great good. (K.R.G.)

THE RYDER CUP CARDS

For	402	403	404-34	411	414	502-34	50
THE FOURSOMES							
Ford-Finsterwald (U.S.)	225	412	401-32	242	404	514-36	60
Allen-Hunt (G.B.)	412	412	501-35	231	512	514-34	60
Ford-Finsterwald	412	402	501-32	111	512	51	
Allen-Hunt	412	412	411-35	131	512	51	
Ford-Finsterwald wins 2 and 3							
Wall-Hawkins (U.S.)	323	412	414-34	511	404	414-37	71
Beardsley-Horn (G.B.)	412	412	414-35	414	404	414-35	74
Wall-Hawkins	313	104	414-35	512	512	5	
Beardsley-Horn	414	504	414-35	405	414	4	
Beardsley-Horn wins 2 and 3							
Koeb-Hurke (U.S.)	314	512	414-35	511	512	514-34	51
Funkner-Westman (G.B.)	314	175	175-36	512	512	514-34	72
Koeb-Hurke	412	502	414-35	512	512	5	
Funkner-Westman	512	512	414-34	111	111		
Koeb-Hurke wins 1 and 2							
Mayer-Balt (U.S.)	414	412	514-35	512	414	414-35	60
McCann-Strawn (G.B.)	412	512	514-35	511	412	514-37	72
Mayer-Balt	412	512	414-38	511	5		
McCann-Strawn	512	414	514-35	602	5		
Mayer-Balt wins 2 and 3							
THE SINGLES							
Bob (U.S.)	414	514	514-38	405	514	414-37	73
Brown (G.B.)	512	412	514-35	511	511	514-36	73
Bob	414	514	514-38	511	511		
Brown	511	511	514-38	511	412		
Brown wins 1 and 3							
Miller (U.S.)	512	412	514-38	511	511	514-38	73
Miller (G.B.)	412	412	514-38	511	511	514-38	73
Miller	412	412	514-38	511	511		
Miller	412	412	514-38	511	511		
Miller wins 2 and 3							
Hawkins (U.S.)	412	512	412-35	511	412	514-38	74
Allen (G.B.)	414	412	414-36	511	412	514-38	72
Hawkins	412	512	514-38	511	414	41	
Allen	412	412	414-36	512	512	5	
Hawkins wins 2 and 3							
Hebert (U.S.)	514	412	412-38	411	514	414-37	70
Beardsley (G.B.)	414	412	514-38	412	512	514-38	71
Hebert	514	512	412-38	511	514		
Beardsley	512	412	514-38	511	514		
Beardsley wins 1 and 3							
Ford (U.S.)	514	412	412-38	412	412	514-38	71
Hunt (G.B.)	512	412	412-38	511	412	514-38	71
Ford	514	412	412-38	512	5		
Hunt	412	412	412-38	511	5		
Hunt wins 1 and 3							
Finsterwald (U.S.)	514	412	414-37	411	511	514-37	72
McCann (G.B.)	512	412	514-38	412	412	514-38	71
Finsterwald	514	512	514-38	511			
McCann	412	412	414-38	412			
McCann wins 2 and 3							
Fazel (U.S.)	414	512	414-38	411	512	514-37	70
Ross (G.B.)	412	412	514-38	511	512	514-37	71
Fazel	511	412	414-38	511			
Ross	512	412	514-38	511			
Ross wins 2 and 3							
Mayer (U.S.)	512	412	414-38	511	412	514-38	72
Strachan (G.B.)	412	512	514-38	511	512	514-38	73
Mayer	412	512	414-38	511	512	514-38	72
Strachan	512	512	414-38	411	412	514-38	71
Strachan wins 1 and 3							

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MEAN HAND WITH A ROCK

continued from page 47

I am not going to comment on him because he did a good job."

Whether Burdette actually threw the Yankees any spit balls or not, he certainly showed them an assortment of other things. In the three games Lew threw sliders, sinkers, fast balls, several varieties of plain and ordinary curves and even an occasional screwball, all backed up by a rather awe-inspiring display of control which found him walking only four Yankees, one of those intentionally, in the 27 innings he was at work.

Some of the Yankees, who had been worried most about Spahn, were surprised. Others, like Jerry Coleman, were not. "I knew he could pitch," said the Yankee second baseman. "I had seen him in the All-Star Game. He's tough and he keeps everything low and he's out there to beat you. He won 11 games, I think it was, and missed almost a month with a sore arm. You must be pretty good if you do that."

Said his catcher, Del Crandall: "Lew wasn't any better than he has been for the last two years."

Just the same, as far as Lew Burdette is concerned, it is very nice to receive recognition outside the inner circle of baseball for something besides enrollment in one controversy after another. What the real pros have long known about another real pro, the rest of the world has finally discovered.

Here is one very good baseball pitcher. But back in Nitro, West Virginia they are still not sure they believe it. When Lew was a kid he couldn't play baseball at all.

Nitro didn't even exist until the last year of World War I. Then it arose from an 1,800-acre cow pasture on the Kanawha River, 11 miles below the state capital of Charleston, to become a city of 24,000 inhabitants living in 1,724 homes and working in huge factories built in 10 months at a cost of \$76 million to produce explosive nitrocellulose. The first shipment of powder was also the last. The war ended and Nitro became virtually a ghost town.

By 1924, however, a few major chemical companies had picked up the abandoned plants, and Lew's father moved there to take a job which has lasted 33 years. An industrial-league outfielder himself, the elder Burdette used to play catch with little Lew, who was called Froggy in those days "because he could heller like a big old bullfrog." But Nitro had no high school baseball team, and Lew, who had a tree out, couldn't even make the town's American Legion club. What he could do, though, was throw rocks.

An old friend, Dave Cornstock, says Lew was the best and hardest rock-throwing boy Nitro ever had. "One night," says Dave, "a gang of us were knocking out windows in the Nazarene

Church. Lew was half a block behind us, standing in a creek, and hitting those windows as regularly as any of us. The police came along and nabbed us and put us in jail for a score, but they never found Lew. He got away," says Dave Cornstock, "because he could throw farther than anybody else."

"He always could throw a rock like a bullet," says his mother. "One time he was up on the hill yonder and broke the headlight on our car. He came down and told us about it, though. The boy told the truth, I remember that."

"He used to go up the hill to a rock quarry after school, when he was about 13," says a neighbor, Mrs. Harry Birch, "and throw rocks by the hour. He would pick one target, then another, to improve his aim."

When Lew was 17, he had a chance to get a job as messenger boy with American Viscose Corporation, but the company had only two openings and was saving them for ballplayers who could help the plant team.

"I asked my father what to do," Lew says, "and he told me to try out for the team. 'Tell 'em you're a pitcher,' my daddy said. 'They sure need one.'"

Exactly what impact the future World Series hero made on the Nitro industrial baseball league depends upon who tells the story. Burdette says he pitched four scoreless innings in an exhibition game and got the job. The team manager, a man named Earl

continued



SERIES HERO BURDETTE FEEDS BABY MARY LOU, BORN DAY AFTER BRAXES WON PENNANT, AS MRS. BURDETTE AND MIDGE GIVE ADVICE

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A MEAN HAND

Continued

Snyder who is now retired, says he wasn't impressed.

"He was fast and fairly accurate," Snyder says, "but he was cocky, too. To come down to it, none of us thought he'd turn out to be any good as a pitcher. He wasn't so extra good at all. That's not to his discredit, understand. He just hadn't pitched ball before."

Last week, after watching Lew against the Yankees on TV, Snyder admitted that he was quite surprised by the improvement. "Looks good now," he conceded.

But if no one else was impressed by Burdette's potential in those days, a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Alfred Montgomery, was. He recommended Lew to the University of Richmond and helped him get a scholarship.

He won Dand lost several Braves' scout took a look at him. Like Mr. Snyder, the scout wasn't impressed. But the Yankees were and signed him in the spring of 1947 to a contract with Norfolk of the Piedmont League for a salary of \$200 a month.

"I was a real homebody," says Burdette. "They offered me \$175 but I told 'em my daddy wouldn't let me sign unless I got \$25 more."

He moved up on through the Yankee chain, playing at Norfolk and Amsterdam of the Canadian-American League in '47, Quincy of the Three-Riv League in '48 and Kansas City in '49-'50. After his season at Quincy he met a cute brunette telephone operator named Mary Ann Shelton at a Charleston bowling alley one night, dated her that winter and the two planned to get married after the 1949 season. Instead they got married on June 30.

"I kept going home every chance I got," Lew says, "so we finally decided we might just as well get married and live on that money I was spending on plane fares and telephone calls." They were married at Charleston despite an offer from the Kansas City ball club to have the nuptials perpetrated one night at home plate. "Heavens no," said Mary Ann, and that was that.

Burdette made it to the Yankees at the tail end of the 1950 season, pitched one inning, gave up a run on three hits and the next year found himself back down in the minors at San Francisco. It was then, in late August of 1951, that Burdette got his biggest break.

The Yankees, baffling for a pennant, needed pitching help and they needed it quick. In the desperate way of the waiver, they maneuvered around

the rest of the league to get sore-armed Johnny Sain, nearing the end of a great career, from the Boston Braves for \$50,000 and a minor league player. The player was Lew Burdette.

"Some people say he was just a throw-in," says Milwaukee General Manager John Quinn, "but we really had our eye on him. The Yankees wanted to give us Wally Hood, but our West Coast scout, Johnny Moore, insisted that we get Burdette."

It appeared for a while as if the Braves had indeed been cheated. Working in relief against the Cubs at Wrigley Field, Lew bounced his first National League pitch into the dirt three feet in front of home plate, and only unusual agility on the part of his catcher saved the record from going into the stands. "My God," groaned a Boston writer, "is that what we got for Johnny Sain?"

"Plain truth of the matter was," says Burdette now, "I was scared."

IN NINE IN FIVE YEARS

He recovered, however, enough to win six games in relief for Boston in 1952 and became a starter midway through that first wonderfully hysterical year of 1953 in Milwaukee. In the last five seasons the big man who wears Sain's old No. 33 has won 15, 15, 15, 19 and 17 games, once led the National League in earned run average and finished runner-up another time. Yet until the second week of October 1957, it had generally been Burdette's misfortune to be remembered best for two things: a supposed prejudice against Negro batters, because of alleged bean balls, and a supposed prejudice against all batters, because of alleged spit balls.

"I guess I'm an old troublemaker," Lew once told Chron Wallace of the Milwaukee Journal. "If I went to church, they'd say I was into the collection plate, I'm not really mean up here, but I guess I was in the minors and the boys know I can still get mean."

Anyway, Burdette isn't worried about what people say any more. He is still young and, with experience, improving every year. He may never pitch again as he did on those three October days against the Yankees but, because of them, he will be a better pitcher in all the days from April to September still to come. Even an old hand like Casey Stengel can still learn things from a World Series.

"I learned in this one," says Casey. "What a pitcher of that type can be very valuable to a ball club. But I don't figure they want to trade him." —JMM

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Day for Aquavit

by KENNETH RUDEEN



THREE-CYLINDER SAAB PLACED HIGH, WON ON HANDICAP

NO. 5 LED A FIVE-PLACE SWEEP IN THE FOUR-CYLINDER VOLVO PACK

IT is a reasonable assumption that hardly an American thinks of automobiles when he thinks of Sweden. Garbo, yes. Bergman, to be sure. Cars, no; for the Swedish auto industry is microscopic by American standards.

Well, last Saturday 10 Swedish cars—five Volvos and five Saabs—were entered in the 10-hour Little Le Mans race at Lime Rock Park, Conn. against an array of French, German, English and Italian cars. Not only did they all finish, they swept the first nine places and carried off the index of performance, or handicap, trophy.

The race, believed to be the first in the world of its kind, was originally scheduled for 12 hours, just half as long as the famous French endurance test after which it was named. It was shortened to 10 hours after the police objected to night racing. To fit it in between dawn and dusk the start was scheduled for 8 a.m., and at 8 a.m. the thermometer had just begun to climb from a low of 28°.

Thus it was that one driver, blind to the splendor of front-covered hillside and maple ablaze with autumn foliage, huddled miserably in a raccoon coat as he waited the coon-down for the Le Mans-style start. First away of the 31 entries was a Volvo, and then into the first corner went the field like a locust swarm, tiny engines wound up to unaccustomed racing speeds.

Around the 1½-mile road coursed 34 Volvos and Saabs; English-built Midgets; a French Renault, Dyrn Panhards and a Simca Aronde; DKWs and Volkswagens from Germany; English Austin A-80s and Morris 1,000s; and a Fiat 600 from Italy—more with a piston displacement of more than 1,400 cc. For class awards the cars were grouped in three sections: those with a displacement of less than 750 cc., those between 750 and 1,200 cc. and those between 1,200 and 1,400 cc. At 1,597 cc. and 85 hp the Volvos were the largest and most powerful. Unsurprisingly, they soon took the lead as a unit, but not before the 1,598-cc. Simca, savagely driven by Washington, D.C.'s Charles Kohn, had given them a stirring battle. A long pit stop to correct valve trouble sank the Simca.

As the sun burned the frost from the ground and the blue haze from the hills, the Volvos consolidated their lead. There developed a race-long duel between the No. 1 car of New Jersey's Vernon Bennett and Ralph Schantz and the No. 5 machine of Arthur Riley of Fort Washington, N.Y. and bearded Bill Rutan of Essex, Conn.

But no one could ignore the perky little three-cylinder, two-cycle, 748-cc. Saabs. From the first they were well placed on handicap and scurrying among the first 10 over-all. Fastest of the Saabs was the No. 18, driven by

Ersk Thompson of Washington, D.C. and Emil Pupildy of Freeport, N.Y., both widely known sports car drivers.

"That car just keeps buzzing along like a little hornet," said Thompson during a respite.

The Saabs buzzed fast enough to take the sixth through ninth places over-all and the first four places on index of performance. Bountifully prepared, the Saab men had brought 82 spare tires and wheels. As much could not be said for the lone Fiat, whose entrants, needing to replace a distributor, lifted one from a spectator's unattended Fiat (pleading urgency in a note left under the windshield wiper) and sent the 600 back into the chase.

As for the Volvos, the Riley-Rutan car took over in the ninth hour and held the lead thereafter, completing 338 laps at an average of 39.845 mph for the 10 hours. Bennett and Schantz finished two laps behind; the remaining Volvos took the next three places. A 950-cc. DKW, similar to the Saab in engine design and front-wheel drive, was 19th over-all and first in the intermediate class. Only four cars retired, a tribute to the endurance qualities of the field.

Team Manager John Norwood had just time to say "back us up!" to his Volvo drivers before night fell and visions of aquavit began dancing in their heads. (JHR)



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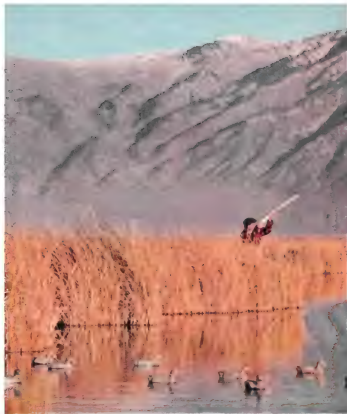
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WINGS AT DAWN

As ducks and geese crowd the flyways, another record hunting season is on



From Maine to Oregon, along the great plains and in the swampy lowlands, down rivers and up cornfields, anxious eyes these days are scanning crimson skies, waiting for waterfowl. The annual migration is on. Pushed by winds and rain and the first cold fingers of autumn, myriads of ducks and geese are winging south, some to the lacy warmth of wintering grounds, others to the waiting

guns of more than 2 million hunters. And everywhere, as the reports on the following pages show, the 1957 waterfowl season looks good. Whether greeted from a scull boat on the Kennebec or a blind in the Salt Creek marshes of Utah (above), it promises for early-morning enthusiasts like Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Carlisle (left) and Gordon Kirby (right) of Salt Lake City full bags and happy hunting.



IN A SEAL BOAT ON MAINE'S KENNEBEC RIVER, DOWN-EASTERS HENRY WOODRUM (LEFT) AND HANSON KELLEY WAIT FOR DEER.

Be Kind to Your Web-footed Friends

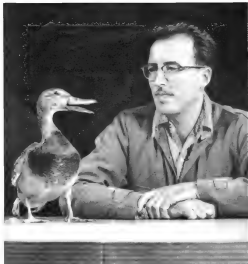


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HARRIS FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS

Sports Illustrated sends an embassy 1,200 miles to the bogs of Saskatchewan for a report on a biologist who tails in the bulrushes to provide the sort of humane ducks need to raise more ducks

by COLE PHINNEY

THERE IS good reason why the countless millions of ducks now flying south should be getting more in-depth by the year. Every fall along the flyways from Canada the ducks find changes have been made, usually for the worse. Gums such as those bristling on the opposite page offer trouble enough, but the ducks also find that familiar ponds bordered by lush greenery and coated with the tasty panicle of algae have disappeared. Lovely, boggy areas, once fit only for ducks, are drained by farmers and split-level home-builders. The ducks are not consulted about these changes, and some

have a hard time finding new bogs.

If instead of flying peacefully south, the increased ducks decided to retaliate with mass attacks on select U.S. crop-lands, they would be stopped cold. The Armed Forces have no effective ground-to-duck weapon, but 2½ million U.S. duck hunters do. The hunters also have a corking intelligence service that could pinpoint a sneak duck attack before the first wave reached Fargo, North Dakota. This intelligence net includes federal and state wildlife agencies of the U.S. and Canada, university staff men and a number of dark men whose work is supported by hunt-

ers. The best-known of the hunter-supported agents are the technicians of Ducks Unlimited who work in Canada.

If there were ever any untoward rearing of ducks, any early migration of mallards, any lingering of pin-tails, if there were anything strange doing among the nitwit redheads, the teal, gadwalls or scaups, it very likely would be noted by Biologist Robert Thomas Sterling, who is shown patiently listening to the gabble and chucklings of a mated mallard in the picture above. Sterling's territory, eastern Saskatchewan, is in the heart of the

continued



DUCK HUNTING FOR DUCKS. Biologist Ted Sterling (left) and Rudy Pyle (right) examine a duck egg in the field.



around the Corns River Indian Reservation. With his assistant, Rudy Pyle, Ted Sterling (right) is in the waterboat on the Corns River.

THE DUCK MAN

continued

breeding grounds. Sterling works for Ducks Unlimited in Duckland, where he could learn almost everything worth knowing about ducks—if he had the time and 2,000 biologists to help him.

Every year Sterling counts thousands of ducks, hands several thousand, gives duck talks to civic groups, occasionally helps crippled ducks and helps Americans who come hunting ducks. He politely hears out the grumblers who do not like the game laws, though lawmaking is not at all his business. He politely advises distraught women who report that mother ducks and ducklings are walking on the public roads (Leave the ducks alone. Please do not put them in your basement!). People who see him with binoculars think he makes his living counting ducks, and Sterling sometimes finds it better to let it go at that than explain just what he is doing.

Biologist Sterling's job is the one for which Ducks Unlimited was started 26 years ago: in simple terms, to provide homes for ducks that want to raise more ducks. Sterling is physically and mentally away from the problems of providing homes for ducks. He is a solidly built, 5-foot, 7-inch man whose age of 34 is betrayed only by a slight mark at the temples. He has five years of university study behind him and, when he is mulling the problems of ducks,

his calmness, his spectacles and trim mustache give him the air of a young, understanding psychoanalyst. If the chuckling gossip of the mallard pictured on the preceding page were actually getting through to him, Sterling would have it made. He could work like a psychoanalyst in a well-appointed office. He could ask the ducks in—or have his Springer spaniel, Rowdy, usher them in by mouth—and learn firsthand why the birds do not like a slough that they liked two years ago and why the black ducks are shifting west from Ontario. Without leaving his office he could know what the birds prefer to eat, what predators are eating the most duck eggs, how the water stands on all Ducks Unlimited impoundments and who has been stripping stop logs of D.U.'s dams. He could ask the mallards to go easy on the farmers' grain swaths and ask the redheads to stop laying eggs in the nests of other ducks. "I try to think like a duck," Sterling observes, "but I have to remember that I am not a duck, and what we do not know about ducks is still a very great deal."

Grain-deep in water

Sterling has a home, a wife and four children in Saskatoon and an office in the basement of Heidi Olsson's Sling station in the small town of Wynyard. He sometimes comes out at his desk, but more often not, for the answers he needs lie in the field. The phrase "in

the field" is a euphemism. Sterling often works grain-deep in water and, as he puts it, "up to the eyes in vegetation." After a wet spell, the minor roads of Saskatchewan afford about as much traction as thick minestrone. Sterling can count on spending some time every month mired in his station wagon, hoping Indians will come with horses and pull him out.

Sterling's 12-by-12 office is a repository for his data and field samples and for the equipment he needs to make his way through dust, phragmites, bulrushes, mud, muskog and water. Beside his desk and on a flanking wall, bookshelves hold the contributory knowledge of many biologists and naturalists: casual reference books like Peterson's *Birds of the World*, annual soil and water reports, a copy of Spillars's *The Jarg*, books on ducks, on water, on water plants, on prairies, on prairie ducks, prairie plants and prairie waters. Beside the typewriter stand is a plug-in heater that looks barely large enough to keep itself warm in the middle of a Canadian winter. Against one wall is an automobile tire, its tread spent, and atop the tire, two surplus life vests (Sterling cannot swim). On one wall hangs a map of the province and the early Marilyn Monroe calendar, courtesy of a North Dakota auto agency. There is a single barrel shotgun by the door, and under the stairs a .22 repeater with a scuffed forepiece and stock that seem to have been



Lake, then guiding him to a mass through the thicket of connecting sloughs, lakes and winding river. Sterling notes the water depths



along the route. He also expects the boat crew to collect nesting sites and take samples of the water and edible plants.

grown by a cougar. A shelf holds bottles of water marked "Goose Lake," "Shoal Lake" and so forth. Since Canada has many Goose Lakes and Shoal Lakes, these are also marked with dates and range numbers. Sterling will pass these water samples on to Canadian Wildlife technicians to test for acidity and nutrients, so Sterling and other field men will have a few more answers to help in evaluation of breeding areas.

When spring breakup starts near the end of March, reducing the province's byways to a black paste, Sterling is afield, inspecting the ditches, the rip-rapping and spillways of D. U. projects. He replaces stop logs and repairs the water damage wrought in water; bigger jobs he turns over to D.U.'s Saskatchewan engineer. When the last of the northbound ducks are settling in, Sterling is counting breeding pairs. Later in the season he counts the hatched broods, as a measure of how the waters are producing and what the prospects may be for the hunters down the flowways. In midsummer Sterling often collaborates with other D.U. men in mass bandings of flightless, molting ducks. Sterling skins over the water in an air boat, herding the ducks toward a wire corral. Some ducks break away to the banks and dive under as the boat bounces down on them. At times it is like a mad, fast game of chess. Sterling hires high schoolers and deploys them in the water like giant pawns, dropping them from the boat,

plucking them up and dropping them again to check the ducks.

Sterling's essential work is the reconnaissance of areas that might be improved for ducks. There are old, drained acres abandoned by farmers that can be restored to duck use. These are waters where some draining may afford shallow habitat for ducks and areas where impoundment will guarantee water through drought. Before changing any water level, Ducks Unlimited must get easements from all shore owners. D.U. thereby relies heavily on good public relations, especially among farmers, a few of whom are beset by visions of mallards stealing their last bushel. That is why Tom Sterling spends some time talking about ducks in farm communities and listening to the plaints of ladies who report walking ducks.

The \$525,000 budget with which D.U. works in a year is the equivalent of a 21¢ contribution from every hunter (actually only a surprisingly low number of hunters, less than 30,000, contribute anything). Hunters asked to kick in often had their doubts down to one naked question: How can 500 grand a year do much for ducks all over Canada? The answer lies behind some geographical and archaeological facts. On the average map printed in the U.S., Canada appears as 3,945,000 square miles of uniformly pink void separating the U.S. from the polar ice cap. About 75% of the migrating game

ducks are born in the pink Canadian void (the rest come from the northern U.S. and Alaska, with a few dipping in through the Siberian curmain). North from Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and northeasterly across Ontario, extends what geologists call the Pre-Cambrian shield, a land of rock intrusions, gored by glaciers and now covered with woods and tundra and pitted with ponds and lakes—a petrified sponge, holding enough water to accommodate all the world's ducks. But the Pre-Cambrian has few ducks. Its duck density is about one hen and drake every five square miles. The water depths and the acidity inhibiting aquatic plant growth in Pre-Cambrian areas are unfavorable, and much of the shore line is more favorable to predators than ducklings. All of Ducks Unlimited's 425 projects have been built in the prairie provinces, in one-tenth of the country's total area, where the duck density is 100 times greater than in the large, water-pocked Pre-Cambrian. Fifty percent of all North American game ducks are reared in the prairie. Duckland shown on the map on page 67.

U.S. names in Duckland

As D.U.'s work continues, Duckland is becoming filled with familiar U.S. names. D.U. already names many of its projects after regional groups of contributors. There are now in Duckland a

continued

THE DUCK MAN

by RUTH SUD

San Francisco, a Fresno, a Texas Panhandle, a Memphis and a Champeauke. D.U. strategically locates regionally sponsored projects so it can almost guarantee some ducks from the project will fly over the sponsors' heads. (San Franciscans will be grieved to hear that pitail No. 43-634782 from Lake San Francisco, instead of taking the usual pitail route, 88W to California, wound up 3,500 miles east in Labrador.) Arkansas will be pleased to know that this year Biologist Tom Sterling found the dam on Arkansas-Pel Lake in good repair, water level good and broods good. The Arkansians might also like to know that some of the ducks Sterling banded a year ago on Arkansas-Pel are already turning up in Arkansas bays—last fall, R. A. Nelson of North Little Rock got green-wing teal No. 813-92881 and Marvin Bennett got pitail No. 328-94136 on January 7.

Filling a void

Biologist Tom Sterling has no precise way of knowing how much his year's work contributes to the flyways in the fall. He can derive some satisfaction from the fact he is partly filling a void that exists by U.S. law. By law no U.S. Fish and Wildlife money can be spent on physical improvement outside U.S. territory. The U.S. share of the job in the vital breeding area must go to somebody like Sterling, who works for some nongovernmental agency like D.U., which is supported by some number of people who care. The men in Duckland can get some consolation from the production report and forecast shown on page 57. Over much of the total range, production was down from 1955, but the denser populations over most of Duckland's strait area produced as well or better than in 1955—as, except for a slight decrease possible in the Pacific, the flyways should have another year as good as '54.

By the time hunters get their guns out in the northern tier of the U.S., Sterling has forgotten about this year and is starting on the next. This fall, as the 1957 crop goes south, Sterling also sets out from his office, but heads north. He stands for a moment peering intently at a point two feet west of Marilyn Monroe on his office wall. There, 102° 30 minutes west of Greenwich, north of the 33rd parallel, his map shows an Indian reservation hugging a riverbank in a cluster of lakes,

45 miles from the road's end at Carrot River. The lakes look good but, from the air in summer, duck spotiers had seen few broods. Why?

Sterling puts his waders and sleeping bag in his car and drives 180 miles straight toward the wavering curtain of northern lights obscuring the sky. The washboard road wrings all the familiar groans from his rocket-styled car, but he is delayed only once briefly. An expectant mother, nervously driving alone at night, asks Sterling if she may trail his car to Wadena.

When Sterling reaches Carrot River he feels the ache of flu, and turns up a doctor for a jab of penicillin. The doctor prescribes, instead, three days in bed and pink pills to promote sweat and sleep. Sterling takes the pills, drinks coffee to offset sleepiness, and contracts a bush pilot to fly him in to the strip; that a case far bayer. Bert Hutton, has cut on the edge of the Indian reserve. Fur buyer Hutton greets Sterling with the news that flu is epidemic on the reservation. Sterling helps carry Hutton's sick 81-year-old father to a plane. Hutton has lived Ducklands many years, and from him Sterling learns that in the terrible droughts of the '30s, when Duckland along with many other things was at rock bottom, the area was very dry—you could walk across Redearth Lake. Now, except for the narrow silt banks of the river, all is water, much of it hid-

den under deepsters, quivering, muddling. The government has put a dam on Jam Creek, impounding water to improve mineral habitat. There are plenty of ducks, Hutton attests—a good variety of dabblers and divers, in fact, an occasional wood duck. How are the broods? Hutton does not recollect seeing many young. Hutton's mother reports that she sees a few hens and ducklings walking toward the river (twomen are forever seeing ducks walking). A Cree Indian, Lionel Head, takes Sterling by cart a mile and a half to his range. For two days Sterling explores shore lines and groves through the phragmites into side-sloughs, from Redearth Lake to Bourassa Lake, then winding 23 miles down the Carrot River to Buffalohead Lake and another unmapped lake, which the Indians call the Water-That-Has-Many-Puddles. Mallards jump up from the sloughs and diving ducks rise from the open water, but there are the ducks of the present—muddling, feeding and moving south. Sterling is concerned with the future. Over the Carrot River, riding a rising wave of air, hundreds of sand-bell cranes beat to the south. Short single sound lingering behind. Sterling tosses a chunk of meat to a osprey basking on the riverbank (there is one reason why these would never be duck nests on the narrow, wooded bank). Sterling takes water samples and also samples of reilife, sage pond weed, bar reed, three-square bulrush and another seemingly busy aquatic that he does not recognize. Noting Sterling's interest in plant food, Indian Guide Lionel Head suggests the Indians might buy corn and feed the ducks. Sterling smiles and explains. There is plenty of food. He is looking for dry land fit for nesting ducks. Sterling has come quite a distance, helped an expectant mother and a sick man, tossed meat to a coyote, and seen a fire muskrat area. The place has too much water for ducks.

When winter locks him in, Sterling will file a full report on the Carrot River lakes to his head office. The area now has too much water, but some day the muskrat industry may die. Inevitably there will be terrible drought again, and the data will come out of the file and engineers will go to work.

The job of trying to save a wild-life species, Sterling observed recently, while staring at the shrinking wilderness on his office map, usually does not get started until it is too late. It makes some sense, he figures, to be working while there are plenty of ducks still around.

END



WASST-DEEP is water and reeds, after rain hunting for good ones, Sterling concludes there is too much water for nesting ducks.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

S—sage	BW—baldpate
R—rose	PG—pink
F—fawn	FG—fawn
T—teal	OG—orange
SP—spotted	EG—egg
FF—fawn	OP—orange
GF—green	OF—off
IF—iron	OG—orange
GDW—good	OGG—orange
SG—sage	GO—orange

CONTAINED: BW generally, but FG in west arm of Lake Nipissing and in Perry Sound district of Georgian Bay for FP of MALLARDS and SCOTLAND. North Bay district reports GG as last week flocks averaged 2.8 birds on bay, including BLANK, MALLARDS, REDWINGS, WHITEWINGS and BLUEWINGS. PG with BW in Sudbury area.

MAINE: Opening day's bag at Merymount Bay was 2.5 ducks a pair, one bird poorer than last season. In low exceptional areas OG with FF of BLANK and TEAL, particularly in northern tier of state. Jumpshot along Allagash and St. John rivers enjoying GG, hanging bags of wood ducks, REDWINGS, BLANK and both BLANK and GREENWING TEAL. GG for local ducks in Sebasticus stream and the Penobscot River. But overall OG and uncertain.

PENNSYLVANIA: 800 October 13 small counties but Philadelphia, Bucks, Delaware and territory bordering Delaware River. Local birds are numerous with FF of BLANK, MALLARDS, TEAL and CANADA ducks in Pymatung and Conestoga areas and along southern end of Susquehanna River near Sunbury. However, OG since drought has lowered water in rivers and marshes and burnt out much of rice crops.

NORTH CAROLINA: 80 November 7, but already EF of ducks and geese are sailing into Nags Head, Pea Island, Currituck and Mattamuskeet areas. OTC for EG opening day.

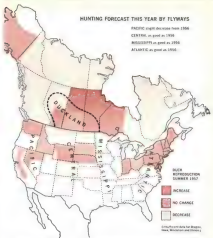
ILLINOIS: 80 October 19. Exception—November 8 for geese in northern Alexander, Union and Williamson counties. Early OG because of BW but FG expected along Illinois River and Mississippi River between Rock Island and Alton with FF of 804, under way. But HANSEN shooting will be in Union County and at Horseshoe Lake in Alexander County. In state-run goose areas half of shooting pits will be allocated to gunners with permits already issued by Department of Conservation, other half will be filled by public drawing in shooting areas at 5 a.m. daily.

MICHIGAN: EG with EF of REDWINGS, CANADANS, BLANK and BLUEWINGS at Huron. Lake middle grounds and Muskegon Bay. OGG with flocks under way earlier than last year. Look for red-head peak October 25-30.

WISCONSIN: BW and only FG reported although EF of northwestern TEAL, CANADANS, BLUEWINGS and WINGWING.

HUNTING FORECAST THIS YEAR BY FLYWAYS

PACIFIC: slight decrease from 1954
CENTRAL: as good as 1954
MISSISSIPPI: as good as 1954
ATLANTIC: as good as 1954



ing along shores of Lake Superior. Last week 11,000 mallards splashed into Horton Marsh National Wildlife Refuge, hitting total to 18,500. 80 October 13 and goose hunting will soon reach 60,000. OGG as CANADANS are now feeding near bluffs and into corn fields where harvesting is in progress.

IOWA: OG, but BW at 100000. TEAL have already moved through most of state, but EF of MALLARDS and PINTAILS are winging through Council Bluffs area. Peak of mallard flight expected about Nov. 19, with overall concentration usually two weeks earlier. Issues should note that wood ducks are not legal game this season.

NORTH DAKOTA: Although state legislature approved hunting three and a half days before official federal opening Oct. 1 and 30 federal enforcement officers were sent into state, only 15 permits arrests made. Nine of outposts not only hunting early, but didn't even have license. Otherwise OG reported and OGG.

SOUTH DAKOTA: 80 October 5 with EG for TEAL, especially on lakes and marshes in western third of state. SP of early MALLARDS, REDWINGS and CANADA ducks. T in 50 and OTC with harder weather.

NORTH DAKOTA: OGG EG with gunners hunting early on TEAL at Sand Hills lakes, the Platte River Valley and along the Missouri River. Some MALLARDS, PINTAILS

and GADWALLS bagged but BLUEWINGS and GREENWING TEAL, most plentiful targets now. Bats has filed geese and farm ponds, and OGG.

IDAHOO: 80 Oct. 5 with GDW and duck season is generally as good as 1954. EG for ducks and geese reported on Snake and Boise rivers. Unusually OG for WINGWING now in vicinity of Deer Flat National Wildlife Refuge with 1,000 GREEN and over 25,000 MALLARDS in evidence. EG for WINGWING also near marshes at mouth of Boise and Gray's Lake near Soda Springs. BW last week met most hunters to pull-bow, drainage ditches and farm ponds for jumpshooting, but OG as GDW returns.

CALIFORNIA: OTC, EG and GDW has kept estimated 2 million wildfowl in state flying low. Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys report over one million birds present, including EF of REDWINGS and SPOTWING. EG in Teale Lake and lower Klamath River areas. EG also along lower Colorado River for PINTAILS, TEAL and WINGWING.

OREGON: 80 October 12 and OTC for three seasons in years. EF of MALLARDS, PINTAILS, TEAL and CANADANS now sailing in Malheur public shooting ground with GF of WINGWING, WHITEWING, GREEN and GOOSE. GREEN also running in. EG too in central state's Summer Lake public shooting ground. Klamath Falls and Warner Valley areas slow, but OG.



NEWPORT GETS SOME TIPS FROM THE TOP

Before the fascinated eyes of the nation's proudest families a new kind of celebrity and very serious golfer teed off on the historic Newport links. This is how it was when Dwight Eisenhower played

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

THE CLUBHOUSE at the Newport Country Club is a vague replica of the casino at Monte Carlo. A top-heavy structure, it stands on a hill overlooking the sweep of Narragansett Bay to the north, and to the northeast the town of Newport, down by the harbor about two miles distant. The golf course surrounds the clubhouse like the spokes of a wheel, and from the upper porches you can watch through a pair of binoculars and see a foursome for most of its tour of the course. It is too far off to make out details, and the fact that it's the presidential foursome you're watching from afar doesn't really help matters. It moves like any other—the cluster at the distant tee, the sudden lurch forward when the last drive is hit, the cataleptic halt along the fairway. Then the glint of a swung iron, the move forward again, with the President's blue golfing cart usually in the fore and then the final cluster on the green.

You find you swing your binoculars up, away from this, to watch a destroyer moving out across the bay, or a fisherman standing on the distant

rocks casting for striped bass (you watch for a sudden bend in his reel), or even to inspect the gables and chimneys of the Newport "cottages" that face on the golf course—the John Barry Ryan place, the James estate, now—like so many of the great residences—church property, the Auchincloss house where Senator John Kennedy is staying, and from which he smoldered down the first day the President played, wearing dark glasses, and stood in a bush behind a telephone pole to watch the players pass.

Periodically, though, the golfers pass close by the clubhouse, on the 9th, 13th and 16th greens. You come down from the porch, walk across to whatever green they are approaching and stand up against the guard ropes. From the clubhouse bar struggle the reporters and photographers assigned to cover the President. They are able to judge the speed of his round perfectly. One of them will look at his watch and say, "Well, he must be on the 7th. Fifteen more minutes or so and he'll be up here on the 9th"; and then everybody looks at his drink to gauge whether it will be enough to

last him through those 15 minutes.

When the press goes to watch him come into the 9th, they sit on the lip of a trap guarding the green and dabble their feet in the sand. Others are there waiting by the ropes; people who have ventured down the clubhouse drive, usually with children, to stand, waiting with their cameras; club members standing a little apart, the steady wind which comes in off Narragansett Bay whipping back the brims of their hats as they watch the approach shots being made.

The ball nearest the pin is likely to be Norman Palmer's, the club professional and the President's partner. But the others in the foursome are accurate with their irons, particularly their short game, and it is common to have all four shots safely on the green.

Then you see the blue golfing cart coming up, the President driving, his familiar features becoming easily discernible. He steps the cart, steps out, and his caddy glove him his putter with the head tipped red at both ends. He walks toward you. It's disconcerting to see the President of the United

own Grand

IN REPORT CONCENTRATION, THE PRESIDENT GOVES THE LINE ON THE PRESIDENTIAL

States walking toward you carrying a putter. You back away hastily to give him a wide berth to the green. You watch him step up to his putt.

Then you realize that you have very little interest in whether or not he sinks the putt. You barely watch it roll toward the cup. The other 119 of the spectators are concentrated on all. You find yourself staring at the President, while around you mouths are ajar with the strain of ogling. It is reminding of the way people stare at a fire painting or a statue—as if some measure, or understanding, of its greatness could be absorbed by deep concentration. But what you're looking at in this case is the back of a man standing 30 feet away, dressed in a golfing hat, blue sweater, brown trousers, idly leaning on a gutter and watching his partner try to sink a long putt. And he is watched with the wonder of children staring at a sleeping lion in the zoo.

He says something. You've missed it. You nudge the man on your left and ask him what was said. He replies without taking his eyes off the President. "I think he said, 'Good putt, partner.'" So you file that away, remembering the flat, rather high inflection of the President's voice.

They've putted out. The caddy slaps the flag back in the cup, and the foursome starts for the next tee. You walk along with them. You find yourself too near the President for comfort, and you move off diagonally. Everybody walks briskly, shoes crunching in the gravel of the driveway, golf clubs jingling. Suddenly a boy moves in on the President. He says loudly: "Mr. President, I'm the guy that sent you the silver dollar." Everybody stops. The President looks flustered. The boy's grandmother rushes up to explain that the dollar had been sent along during the campaign in 1966. "Well, I guess that's what did it," the President says. Everybody laughs—very loudly. The march to the tee continues. Tension slackens off. Conversation has strung up all around.

Now, the caddy commands the eyes of all eyes, and it isn't until the foursome moves off the tee and onto the fairway where the public is prohibited that he is alone on the course—alone, that is, with his three golfing companions, four caddies, when the White House physician, two or three of the White House staff and the secret service men flanking the players

at a distance, the outriding destroyers guarding a carrier.

Down on the Ocean Drive, which runs between Narragansett Bay and the golf course, paralleling three fairways, the tops of parked cars glint in the sun. Small crowds will be waiting for him there. With the binoculars you can see the heads, the children perched up on shoulders, as the people stand waiting quietly in the bushes along the middle highway. Some of them will have come a long way to watch this man on his vacation.

The news that the President was coming to Newport had little effect on the golfing community. The President had requested specifically before his arrival that nothing at the country club be changed on his account. His wishes were complied with; the membership used the links while the President played; the clubhouse remained in need of a coat of paint, both inside and out; the slicker furniture stood better-shelter in its bleak need of repair; the small and out-of-date library continued to grace the hallsoom table with *Golf, Its Rules and Devices*, published in 1917, *American College Athletics* (of the year 1929), and a 5-year-old Golf Association yearbook.

In fact, the only indication that the

clubhouse was the President's golfing headquarters was a radio operated on the sun porch to keep in touch with the golfing party when it was on the course, and a card reading "President Eisenhower" tacked onto a locker in the upstairs dressing room. The latter was never used. The President was either dressed for golf when he arrived or he pulled on his golfing shoes in a lounge off the barroom. He rarely went into the clubhouse, except on one or two occasions when he would stop for refreshments at the bar. He would order up a Coca-Cola, a choice which must have gladdened the eye of Mr. William Robinson, occasionally one of the President's golfing companions at Newport, who is also the president of the Coca-Cola company.

Far from the halcyon days

Actually, there is nothing in the clubhouse to draw a visitor or to impress the rumors. The building and its present-day activities are far from pretentious—a violent change from the halcyon days of Newport society when luncheon and tea were served to members and a man in livery stood at the front gate. The accommodations are smaller than one would expect in a building which from afar seems to loom over the landscape. There is a front



"It was the little one I expected to be large!"

at the clear skies and wondered if the President on his arrival would blow the course to a vast burlap bag.

In charge of doctoring the course through the drought was Ray Granger, a greenskeeper who has been with the club for 27 years. By reputation one of the top greenskeepers in the country, Granger has had his share of troubles with the elements—hurricanes in particular. They sweep in across Narragansett Bay, piling waves across Ocean Drive to inundate parts of the course with as much as six feet of water. The 1954 hurricane swept a house off the course. The bleak skeletons of viburnum and willow trees a half mile inland attest to the long reach of the damage the hurricanes inflict.

The salt does it. And the only salvation is to wash the salt off with the fresh water sprinkling system before it kills the grass. In the '54 hurricane, Granger got in a heat and rowed out to the 17th fairway, where the water was lapping at the eaves of the shelter house and somehow got the sprinklers

going, setting them spiraling slowly and continuously under the sun for the week it took the waters to recede.

Fresh water was, of course, also the answer to the '57 drought. But the watering system at Newport is an antiquated one. The two-inch pipe supplying the fifth hole has so little pressure in it that, as Granger says, "barely enough water comes out to slake a man's thirst."

Playing in saw grass

A number of measures had to be taken to save the course—in particular, letting the grass grow to protect itself against the sun. Granger called off the mowing until the members began to complain that they were playing in saw grass. But it worked. When the rain finally fell in late August, fairways and greens took on a sheen that surprised and delighted visiting golfers.

The course may have been in the best shape possible when the President arrived, but there was some speculation as to whether he would enjoy it. Golf courses have their particular personalities, their characteristics, their quirks, all of which can irritate rather

than present an agreeable challenge.

Press Secretary Hagerty had gone the rounds of Newport with Howard Cushing, the president of the club, a few weeks before the President arrived, and thought the course would meet with his approval. But the first day, the President looked out over the fairways before setting forth and asked grimly: "You got any of those long 4½-par-4 holes?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cushing, in what was not a particularly reassuring answer. "We've got a lot of them here; and we've got a couple of 3½-par-3s."

"These are bad," said the President. "They break my back." With this, he stepped up to the practice tee and flubbed his first shot. "Oh-oh," he said.

To complicate matters, there was a heavy wind blowing that day. The President announced that he wasn't sure he could even stand up in the wind, much less hit the ball. But his drive from the first tee went down the fairway 230 yards, straight to the pin. Applause rose up around him, and he gave a big grin and defied his country club golfing hat.

He birdied that first hole, but it was one of his few successes of the day. The wind bothered him, and the sand traps caught many of his shots.

When he finished his round, the President expressed his dismay at the number of traps. "Too many of the things," he said.

He could hardly be blamed for his statement. One hundred and thirty-two traps awaited him, almost three times the number of traps at either the Augusta National or Burring Tree, the other two golf courses he has used consistently.

There used to be around 150 traps at Newport. Fifteen have been removed, not because of the ill temper of the membership (the club is proud of its hazards), but because the upkeep of so many sand traps, which must be raked every day and have their edges clipped, was overtaking Ray Granger's limited force of assistants.

During his vacation the President spent a lot of time in Granger's traps, the sand seeping into his golf shoes; but less so as time went on, and the experience, in any case, meant an immeasurable improvement, from all reports, in his blasting shots. He wields the wedge as he should—"exploding out" with a strong stroke, the cloud of dry sand settling on him as he climbs out of the trap for his next shot.

In general, the President's game, which is strong on short irons and putting, turned out to be not particularly



sailed to the Newport course. The great essential of the golfer's equipment at Newport is a long and very accurate drive to avoid traps set along the entire shoreline. The President's long game wasn't that accurate. But despite the sand traps and the steady wind blowing hard from the bay, he came to love the course and accepted its exacting nature as a most interesting challenge. He seemed to arrive earlier at the clubhouse as his vacation progressed and one morning arrived simultaneously with the milk truck delivering supplies.

At the country club, the presidential golfing day would start with the arrival, a half hour before the President himself, of a gray Navy truck pulling a trailer surmounted by a canvas-covered, bedlike structure. Inside was the presidential golfing cart, which for security reasons was kept under lock and key when not in use. Of Chevrolet make, the President's cart is probably the fanciest of its kind—laden down with accessories one would be hard put to find a use for on the golf links: two headlights (for use during an eclipse,* a member of the press suggested), a brake light in the rear, a cigaret lighter and a horn mounted on the steering bar. At the back of the cart there is an open compartment and brackets for two golf bags—a space unused since all the golf bags in the foursome were carried by caddies.

The cart with a Motorola

Two other carts from the country club, unadorned and weather-beaten, accompanied the President's vehicle on the golfing round—one of them for the other members of the foursome, the other for a secret service man with an ear cocked for messages coming through on a Motorola radio placed in the back of the cart, a last link in the communication setup reaching in over the stone walls confining the links.

At 9 o'clock all would be in readiness for the President's arrival—a police car standing at the entrance of the drive, the press and various onlookers clustered in front of the clubhouse steps and with them Norman Palmer, the club professional, and Howard Cushing. Palmer invariably played as the President's partner. Mr. Cushing, in his capacity as president of the club, was also a regular member of the foursome. In the weeks preceding the President's arrival, the thought of playing best was unsettling, and Mr. Cushing was on the practice fairways. Almost

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NEWPORT

—continued—

every day. The morning of the President's first golfing day, he was up by 7 and, to take his mind off his approaching responsibilities, groped his way through a thick early-morning mist to the racks off his estate to fish for striped bass. Succeeding days, though, he treated more or less as a matter of course, and indeed one day inadvertently arrived 10 minutes after the President, who that morning had made one of his surprisingly early starts.

The President reached the club as soon as he could. After a brief stint of work in his office at the War College on Coastwise Island he would board the *Barbara Ann* for the trip across the harbor to the Fort Adams dock, only four minutes from the links.

Greeted there by Mr. Cushing, he would walk briskly with him toward a temporary practice range, where a pile of 30 or 40 balls awaited them. The first day the President played, no one realized that he would want to hit out practice balls until, after being presented with a club golfing bag, he looked around and said, "Fine, but where can I go to get my joints limbered up?" A pair of practice balls was hurriedly produced.

Palmer stood in front of him, nudging a golf ball out from the pile with a two-iron, giving it a good lie and then offering low words of compliment or advice as the ball arched onto the fairway. Palmer calls himself a teaching professional. An ex-ski instructor, he has been a golf professional for only four years. The game, though, has been an integral part of his life. Thirty-three years old, he spent most of his youth in a house adjoining the 7th fairway at Woodstock, N.H. At 6 he was nudging on the course.

His professional career started at Florida's Seminole Country Club, where he was Claude Harmon's assistant. He became the head professional at Newport last year. He plays in a pro-amateur tournament from time to time, but he is in a true sense a "home pro"—preferring to spend eight hours on a lesson tee nudging balls onto a good lie and teaching—deriving his pleasure from the improvement of his pupils. Palmer likes the President's game and found almost no faults in what couldn't be blamed on bad timing.

Under Palmer's scrutiny, the President would hit out his practice shots with a six-iron, then a three-iron, a four-wood, and finally he would turn

and chip four or five balls onto the first tee, which is adjacent to the practice fairway. He hit each of his practice shots with great deliberation, often so concentrated on keeping his head properly down that he would not lift his eyes to follow the flight of the ball. With the last of his chip-shots hit, the President would beckon to the rest of the foursome and stride across to the first tee. "Come on, victims," he would call out, as he fished for a tee in his pocket.

At the edge of the first tee and facing the players as they tee up stands a weather-stained sundial on which rests the statuette of a boy addressing a golf ball with a driver. Lady Cusler Richards, who did the statuette in 1917, took extensive artistic liberties with her subject. The boy's golfing outfit—a slouch hat and boots—gives him a marked resemblance to Mark Finn. His stance is curious as well. He holds the driver the way most people hold a putter—arms bent and elbows out.

A ballplayer's manner

But his stance is no stranger than some of those affected in the presidential foursome. Of these the most curious is that of Press Secretary James Hagery. Hagery stands up to the ball in what a golfer would call the ultimate of the closed stance. Right-handed he pulls his right foot back and crouches under his left shoulder in a position reminiscent of Heine Mann at the plate. The image of a baseball player is furthered in Hagery's case by a New York Yankee baseball cap which he wears in deference to the rabid attention he gives that team. Fears under the brim of this hat he peers down over his left shoulder at the ball, snatches his club head up, and with a convulsive start lashes down at his target. Hagery wears faded yellow golfing trousers with attached back pockets that hang outside and bounce slightly as he swings. Somehow the stroke produces shots of extraordinary effectiveness, especially the long irons. The drives, though, are apt to be inaccurate; in fact, the President refers to his own flubbed drives as "Hagery drives." A weak drive, and the President will say ruefully, "Well, there's a Jim Hagery for you."

No less curious to watch is Howard Cushing's bizarre swing. He is a heavy man, powerfully built, well over six feet in height. The club looks like a willow switch in his hands. He hunkers down over the ball, staring at it with an intensity that knots his muscles until

he seems as unshakable as an oak tree. The club head comes back, though, and descends in a swift sweeping arc. On his follow-through, Cushing lets go of the club with his right hand, then regrips it. Despite what Norman Palmer would call basic faults, he has grooved his swing, as has Hagerty, sometimes to excellent effect.

The picture swing of the foursome, other than Norman Palmer's, is the President's. It is neat and compact, if slightly stiff. The power in it is not as obviously generated as Hagerty's or Cushing's, but the ease with which he gets his distance would indicate that he gets the maximum effect. One old-time Newport resident, out on the first day, was impressed enough to say, "Well, I must say he looks a damn sight better than Teddy Roosevelt ever did playing tennis."

The President's caddy

The ball the President hits down the fairway is a Spalding Hot marked "Mr. President." Of those watching, the one who pays most attention to the ball's flight is Jack Allen, the country club caddy master who acted as the President's caddy throughout his vacation. Allen watches the line of flight until the ball rolls dead—watching for the last-second kinks and scurries that can twist a ball off the line of direction and cause the familiar, mournful, milling-about search by caddies and players. When the ball stops, Allen automatically picks out a feature from the landscape to mark the line of direction and waits impatiently for the rest of the foursome to hit their drives. With the last drive hit, Allen and the other caddies are off the tee and rushing up the fairway at a fast clip. Newport caddies have had it drummed into them to stay out in front of the players. With the speed of the presidential foursome—and it was a very fast one indeed—being abetted by electric carts, the caddies moved at a dogmatic pace. Some of the smaller Newport caddies, bent over by the weight of their bags, seemed from afar to be rushing headlong into a powerful wind.

Allen, though, is well-constituted for his task. He was a crack athlete at Rhode Island State. At golf Allen's natural abilities are such that the first time he went out on a golf links he scored in the low 80s. He says of that first golf round that "it seemed an awfully easy game."

Despite the irony of occasionally carrying golf bags for Newport golfers who can barely scratch the ball along

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the ground, Allen takes his raddieing in dead seriousness. Though he was intended to saddle only the first day, the President was impressed enough to ask Norman Palmer if he could keep Allen on as his raddie.

Allen arrived at the club at 8 o'clock to busy himself with the usual duties of the raddie master until the arrival of the President's group. He would wait over to the President's limousine, where the driver, a secret service man, opened up the trunk and heisted out the President's golf bag. Red and black, and emblazoned on one side with a tiny circle of gold stars, the bag has an umbrella attached, bulging compartments, and contains a set of Bobby Jones clubs: five woods, a set of irons and a sand wedge—all inscribed with "Dwight D. Eisenhower" engraved on the back of the face of the club.

On the way to the first tee, the President would hand three new balls to Allen. Allen alternated two of them during the round, handing a washed ball to the President on every tee and reserving the other for a scrubbing.

Out on the fairway, the President would occasionally ask Allen's advice, particularly about distances, which are especially deceiving on the Newport course. Allen knows the course well; his advice was usually followed by the proper shot, and the President in the flurry of congratulations would say, "Jackie lined it up, Jackie lined it up for me," and he would grin at Allen, flipping the club to him, club head up, in a posture which is characteristic when he makes a good shot.

For all his eagerness to be off to locate the President's drive, Allen was not the first of the presidential group off the tee.

A carbine in the bag

Some five minutes before the players teed up, a man wearing dark glasses and dressed in a voluminous sport shirt, dropped outside his belt and over his khaki trousers, would step off the tee and wander down the fairway, angling back and forth across the course. He carried with him a small and cheap-looking golf bag, which had in it a beaten-up four-wood, a rusty eight-iron and an Army carbine. He was one of the half-dozen or so of the secret service men who guarded the President during his tour of the course.

The golf bag was simply a fortuitous container for arms, not an attempt at



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disguise. It would have been difficult to mistake any of the secret service men for gaffers or their endless plodding march as a search for a monumentally lost ball.

Though they accompanied the President for the full 18 holes and were never out of sight of him, none of the secret service saw him make a shot. An important putt sunk, a tricky iron well-played, a lengthy drive—all these the President played to a gallery of looks as far as the secret service was concerned. They always fared away from him—so markedly that if one were not aware of their function they would have provided an example of rudeness without peer.

An unsettling experience

On the sweltering end of their irregular hours were the bushes in the rough, the crowds lining the public roads to watch the President pass and the other players on the course.

The effect on other players was sometimes unsettling. One morning, for instance, two of the club members, Mrs. Guy Cary and Mrs. Burns MacDonald, started out five minutes before the presidential party and found themselves accompanied by the advance-guard member of the secret service. They tried to ignore him but eventually became so flustered that they picked up on the 8th hole and left the course. "It wasn't his fault," Mrs. MacDonald reported. "I just found I was tripping my drive and stalling at my putts. He didn't say anything, that fellow . . . he just looked at us . . . through those dark glasses . . . with that long-on his nostrils."

Throughout the President's vacation the secret service never had cause to reach for its golf bags. One of their number, on the third day the President played golf, came across a garter snake sunning itself on the fairway. But he didn't use any of the implements in his golf bag; he had a willow switch with him and he used that to chirp the garter snake back into the rough.

The foursome moved very quickly. The President himself set the pace. He took no time off for preliminary waggling; he tried one practice swing, stepped up to the ball and hit it, then moved after it with the avidity of a retriever. Often, in his blue cart, he would find himself out in front of the other players; rather gentle "fours" would drift up the fairway, and the President would look around, grin and wave his cart off to the side.

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NEWPORT

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revolve almost entirely around golf. The President does not treat golf as a social pastime, an opportunity to amble along in the fresh air and chat sly. Golf is the matter at hand, and it monopolizes the conversation.

One of the reasons that the President's golfing companions remained the same during his vacation was that it was felt that new relays of golfers (and many Newporters were itching to play with the President) would have detracted from the easy camaraderie that comes with playing with the same partner against familiar opponents.

Looking to improve his game, the President would continually ask advice. A keen student of golf, he is an excellent self-analyst of his own game and usually knows what he's done wrong if a shot does not come off to his complete satisfaction. "Hit that one from the top," he would say. Or: "I believe I'm not staying with the shot long enough." Or: "I got that one on the heel of the club—no merit to the shot."

But sometimes he would not realize what was wrong, and Norman Palmer would help out. "Tuck your elbow in a bit, Mr. President," he would suggest. "That'll keep your shots from sliding off to the right."

Flubbing a shot bothers the President and elicits a deep groan. He would look moodily at the turf and bend the club back quietly to his saddle.

His next good shot, though, would change his mood markedly. He would toss the club to the saddle, his expression and manner that of a man who wouldn't wish to be anywhere else but on a golf course.

Despite the intrusion, the President gives his own game, he is also a team player. Beating his opponents was a primary concern and, though the stakes were low, at \$1 Nassau (a three-way bet: \$1 to the winner of each side and \$1 to the match winner), the competition was intense.

The President was the heavy winner. He and Palmer never let up, no matter how far ahead they were. On one occasion they were 8 up coming into the back 9. Robinson and Cushing, their opponents, suggested wryly that they let up a bit. "Well," said the President with a grin, "I've got to follow my motto: 'When you get 'em down, you've got to stomp on them,'" and with that he stepped up and hit a whistling drive down the fairway.

Palmer was the only player who was

handicapped—adding four strokes to his game on both 9s. He kept the score card, which he destroyed after each match—the President felt that his score was a private matter. It was no secret, though, at Newport, that his game varied between the middle and high 80s and steadied out in the middle 80s when he became more familiar with the course.

The full absorption the President gave the game was remarked on by almost everyone who watched him play. He left the world of politics and international affairs behind at the War College. A meek ill temper would arise not on a political issue but at the sight of the 9th hole—which throughout his golfing vacation gave him the most trouble. He strongly recommended that it be thrown off the course. He also suggested that Hagerty's iron (which are the strength in the Press Secretary's game) be removed from the course. "It's unfair of Hagerty," said the President, "not to hit a decent shot with a wood when his score is as good as it is."

The President obviously enjoys his golf. He finds the game "haunting"—in that it is a personal struggle which one carries on to strive for a perfection which can never quite be reached. Some judge from the intensity with which the President goes at the game, that it provides too much of a challenge for him to enjoy it. But at the end of his day on the course at Newport, regardless of his score, it was with obvious reluctance that the President heeled out his last putt and left the course for the care waiting to take him down to the Fort Adams deck on Brenton's Cove.

With the Barbara Ann's course set for Coonass Island, the President would go below to shower and change. When he came on deck again, Brenton's Cove was far astern, the outlines of the cove itself lost against the background of the distant green bluffs. Off to port, nearer at hand, the yacht would pass another of Newport's famous landmarks—Gull Rock and its absurd little lighthouse with its Swiss chalet architecture.

But ahead—and he would see it as the boat swung in to dock—would be all the familiar trappings of his official duties: the arduous activity of the War College, the to-and-fro personnel, the marina at attention, the waiting officials, the banks of parked cars, radio masts, the banlike buildings of the college itself and, glimpsed between them, the superstructures of anchored naval vessels, grim and gray. (RWR)



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CARDS ON THE TABLE

LONDON BRIDGE IS NOT FALLING DOWN

The author won the world pair championship in London last week, but has high praise for British contract bridge

by CHARLES GOREN

JUSTICE by this last furious fortnight, it seems that the whole of Britain is one seething card table.

A conference of playing-card manufacturers from 30 different nations listened politely to my opinion of the future of cards and card games. I told them not to worry, but I am certain they took greater comfort from seeing the crowds that overflowed the 500 Rikhters' chairs ranged outside the "tableau" at Selfridges department store in London. Inside that fishbowl, bridge stars of 24 different countries went on, as was to be expected for the British Bridge World Challenge Cup. My partner, Helen Sobel, and I (pictured above, playing against England)

were fortunate enough to win this cup with a score of 1,627. The other U.S. team of Martin Cohn and Sanford Brown was runner-up. Belgium placed third and France fourth. Twenty-four countries respected under their national flags, making the hall look like an arena for the Olympic Games.

Everywhere I went, I found evidence to prove that London bridge is not slipping. Quite the contrary.

It was not always thus. From 1938 on, if you heard an Englishman slouching *London Bridge Is Falling Down*, it would have been reasonable to presume that he was a devotee of the pasteboard wars, lamenting the low estate of Britain's contract-bridge

fortunes. As late as 1950, when the present-day formal world championship team-of-four matches were inaugurated in a three-cornered match played in Bermuda, Britain's representatives had their ears pinned back not only by the victorious American team—on which I had the honor of playing—but also by the Swedish-Icelandic team.

To a nation that buys the most bridge books and playing cards per capita, that supports two bridge magazines, and whose regional matches, involving England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, are virtually international as well as interstate, such a state of affairs was intolerable.

Irish citizens wrote letters to the *London Times* complaining about the method of selecting the British team; there were dark hints that some players might have been trained; it would not surprise me to learn that embarrassing questions had been raised in Parliament.

In the next few years, matters took a turn for the better. Early in 1955 a British team broke our strange hold on the Bermuda Bowl and carried it back across the Atlantic for the first time since it had been put into play.

Today an English pair, Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro, rank among the four or five most successful partnerships in the world; the best English team (Reese and Schapiro, playing with Kenneth Konstant, Adam Meredith, Niles Gardner and Alex Ross), recently met the teams of 16 other nations in the European championship in Vienna and emerged without a defeat.

Although Britain lost not a single match in the Vienna tournament, which selected Europe's representative for the forthcoming world championship, curiously enough her team could finish no better than third.

In team-of-four competition, each deal is played in one room and replayed in the other, with the players seated so as to eliminate the luck of the deal.

Suppose in Room 1, Team A makes four no trump, scoring 600. In the replay, Team B makes four spades on the same cards, scoring 620. The swing is only 20 points, but on another deal it might be over 1,000.

Under European scoring, each deal is scored separately, but the difference in score is awarded International Match Points; one IMP for a difference of from 20 to 40 points, ranging up to 15 IMPs for a difference of 4,000 or more. At the conclusion of a match, if the difference between two teams is less than six International Match Points, the result is considered a tie.

Britain wound up with no less than six ties, including one against the winners—the same Italian team that handed my teammates and me such an unmerciful shellacking in the last world championship played in New York early this year.

The Italians are the first team to return to the world championship with exactly the same player lineup—Walter Avarilli and Giorgio Belladonna of Rome and Eugenio Chiaradonna, Massimo D'Alelio, Guglielmo Stortiandro and Pietro Forquet of Naples. Two of their three pairs employ systems of such bewildering complexity that, although I played against them for many sessions,

It was only when I was requested to do a book on their system (shortly to be published by Doubleday) that I gained some impression of what was going on.

There has been considerable speculation whether the Italians win because of their system or in spite of it. Whenever I have observed them, the Italians played superbly enough to win no matter what system they used.

British methods have endured three swings of the pendulum since contract swept both Waig and auction bridge off the world's card tables.

At first the British were vigorously opposed to artificial bidding conventions. In 1934 the Card Committee of London's law-making Portland Club, presided by Colonel Walter Butler—who was, appropriately, even more British than John Bull—declared that Rly Culbertson's pre-showing 4-5 no-trump convention, which long antedated Blackwood, was illegal! Butler's argument was that the laws prohibited a player from exposing or naming any of the cards in his hand, so it must be illegal to "expose" them through a bidding convention. The question wasn't settled until the Whist Club, America's lawmaking authority, with Commodore Harold Vanderbilt, father of contract bridge, leading its card committee, persuaded the Portland Club to retreat. Thereafter, artificial conventions won wide support in England.

Today, England, having returned to natural bidding, is close to the top once more. So close that a different result in a single hand of their match against Italy could have earned the British the right to meet the U.S. for the world title this winter.

Size each hand, much discussed in Britain's clubs, saw one of the world's greatest card players go amiss.

		NORTH	
		♠	J 9 6 4
		♥	A K Q 8 7
		♦	10 9 3
		♣	K
		WEST	
		♠	Q 8 5 2
		♥	3 6
		♦	Q 5 4
		♣	J 10 9 2
		EAST	
		♠	10
		♥	J 4 2
		♦	A J 8 7
		♣	Q 8 5 4 2
		SOUTH	
		♠	A K 7 3
		♥	10 5 3
		♦	K 6 2
		♣	A 7 6

North opened the bidding with one heart, and North-South duly reached a contract of four spades, played by Terence Reese with the South hand.

The jack-of-clubs opening went to North's king, and Reese, trying to avoid a diamond lead through his king, attempted to make sure that East did not win a trump trick. This he did by leading North's 9, with the intention of letting it ride. The technical soundness of this play is, of course, open to question. At any rate, when East covered with the 10 spot, South was left to wonder whether this was by choice or necessity.

Having won the trick with the king, Reese elected to trump a low club in dummy and lead another trump from North. East showed out, discarding the 4 of clubs, and the hand exploded. The trump lead was ducked to West's 8, and West's club return knocked out declarer's ace. Reese attempted to run hearts, but West trumped the third heart lead. Thereafter South had to lose two diamond tricks and might actually have gone down two tricks if East had not earlier discarded the 4 of clubs.

The winning play, as Reese himself immediately saw, was to play ace against the bad break in trumps by making his second spade lead toward dummy's jack on the third trick. Holding the queen, West could not win more than a single trump trick. Even if the cards were differently placed, with East holding the queen of spades and West the ace of diamonds, dummy's 10-9 of diamonds bolstered North's king so that he could not lose more than two immediate tricks in the diamond suit.

Clearing up the trump situation before North's hand was shortened with the club ruff, Reese could have made five-odd and put the English into a position where the smallest additional swing would have beaten the Italians and clinched the championship and the right to meet America.

Reese's card-table exploits are as well known that he needs no apology, but it is only fair to point out the role played by fatigue in a contest where each team had to play the almost incredible total of 640 hands.

For the benefit of the carping critic it should be pointed out that this hand came near the close of a round-robin contest which involved 16 matches of 40 deals each. Given his choice, a player might well elect to compete in the Grand National Stoopchurn, which, to this observer, seems to be run over a slightly less grueling course. —J.B.B.

BONNIE PRUDDEN

15

The side leg lift will mold your thighs and hips as you like them

This exercise is a test of balance but is especially good for trimming and making firm your thighs and hips. Follow directions carefully. This is one time when overambition may destroy the benefits of the exercise, so be sure to maintain the prescribed position. Do not twist your body so that your leg can rise higher. Stay straight and within the limits which the position imposes. Concentrate on keeping your body in a straight, taut line.

TIPS FOR LIVING: If your exercise sessions seem less lively than they did at first, vary the music, your costume and the time of day, as well as the exercise.



Lie on the floor on your right side with legs together, resting on your right elbow (above). Raise and lower left leg (above), putting palm of your left hand down on the floor to maintain balance. Repeat five times with left leg, then turn on left side and do five more times with right leg.





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THE QUESTION: *If you could ask any living golfer a question, what would it be? (Asked of the members of this year's Ryder Cup Team)*

TED KROLL

Copertino, CA
Copertino, N.Y.

Sam Snead is a wonderful guy and a good friend. Because I like him so much, I've always wondered why he works so hard. He works at two golf clubs, the Greenbrier and Boca Raton, plus all his other golfing activities. I'd ask Sam why he doesn't take some time off and really live a bit.

LIONEL HENERY

Lafayette, La.

I'd like to ask Ben Hogan how he developed his power to concentrate on his game for 72 holes. Concentration is the greatest thing in golf and it's Ben's greatest asset. He always has it, shot for shot, drive for drive, putt for putt, without a lapse. Wish I had it.

ART WALL JR.

Potomac Manor, CC
Potomac Manor, Pa.

I'd ask Sam Snead what he thinks is the greatest shot he ever made. In all the publicity given him, I don't recall anyone ever asking him that question. I've seen him make some great shots, but Sam is such a great golfer, I'd really like to know what he thinks is his greatest shot.

TOMMY BOLT

Knobloch CC
Granada Hills, Calif.

I'd like to get together with Ben Hogan and Dick Mayer. If that ever happens I'd say: "A few of us occasionally one-putt; most of us usually two-putt; but will you please tell me how some of us can stop three-putting?" They should know. They're the best putters around.

ED FUNGLO

Miami Shores, Fla.

Sam Snead, physically and mechanically, is the finest player we ever had and has a humorous way of talking. So I want to ask him: Why do you have such a negative attitude in some of the big tournaments, whereas in a \$10 Nassau you are so sunny in shot-making and scoring?

DAUG FINSTERWALD

Trappan, CC
Trappan, Pa.

Doug Ford is as close a friend as I have. Yet his game is a complete mystery to me. I'd ask him what changed his game from a left to right or from a straightaway to his present game where he is strictly a member of the book fraternity. Daug does it deliberately. How does he do it and why?

JACK BURKE

Buffalo

My question is for Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Jimmy Demaret. I hope they won't think I'm important. I'm not. I just want to know: When are you all going to retire? We young ones want a chance. Remember, only one man ever invented a way to take it with him Jack Burke.

FRED HAMMOND

El Paso

I'd ask Jackie Burke how he makes so much money outside of golf. Professional golfers are always thinking about this problem, because we're all growing older. The competition at the pro tournaments is so terrific that a player has to be a winner or awfully lucky to bank any money.

DICK MAYER

St. Petersburg, Fla.

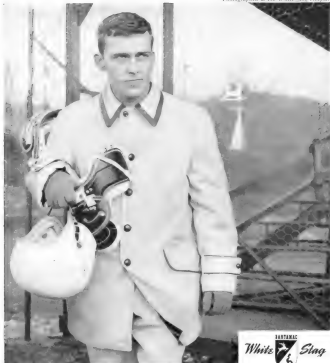
This question is right down my alley because I think Ben Hogan is probably the greatest player of our time. I'd ask Ben what was his greatest moment in golf. He's a man who keeps his emotions from the public and from his fellow golfers. You can never tell from his expression and reactions.

DAUG FORD

Potomac CC
Metairie, N.Y.

Well, Ben Hogan is like a machine when he is playing a match. He seldom betrays his emotions. At least, I've never seen him do so. I'd like to ask him how it felt to win the Open the first time. And how it felt when he won it the second time. Not having won the Open, I'd really like to know.

Photographed at the White Star Studio



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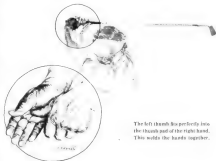
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Club de Golf, Montebello, Maryland



ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN GOLFERS

I have had one theory about golf ever since I was knee high to a duck: nature, with golfers in mind, shaped the right palm so that the left thumb fits into it perfectly. When the left thumb and the thumb pad of the right hand are welded together, the golfer's hands will stay together and work as one, and nothing is more fundamentally important than this.

Women golfers frequently want to know why they are hitting the ball straight but are getting no distance at all. Their trouble frequently is that their grip comes apart. Much more often than men, women will open their hands at the top of the backswing. They tend to do this because their forearms are not as strong as a man's. The constructive move, in any event, is to make sure that the left thumb and the right palm are in perfect contact with each other throughout the swing, and especially at the top of the backswing. If you have a genuinely welded grip, then, even if you are late with your footwork or some other aspect of the synchronized action of a fine golf swing, you will still produce a fairly good golf shot. What is more, keeping the two hands firmly together is the direct route not only to consistency but also to power.



The left thumb fits perfectly into the thumb pad of the right hand. This welds the hands together.

NEXT WEEK: BILLY BURR ON PRACTICING AT THE WALL

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

EVASHEVSKI ABOUT: IS HE RIGHT? SILENT

When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED came out with its article on Coach Kravchevski's Special Football Issue, Sept. 20, and his supposed philosophy on recruiting, the college president and football coach, I was too angry even to get off a coherent letter to the editors.

Now two weeks have passed, and my thoughts, having had a chance to mature, have changed. To sum them up: so what? Far from being a narcissist among coaches and professional athletes in general, is not Mr. Kravchevski the only honest man (apart from me) among them, the only nonhypocrite? And furthermore, is he not right, absolutely, 100%, right?

Is Kravchevski not right in saying that when a boy reaches college it is too late to instill the spirit of sportsmanship into him and that if he does not have it by then, he never will? And that, furthermore, it is not the coach's job, but the parents' job to do that? Is Kravchevski not right in saying that the only reason boys play football is for the fun and to win, win, win, and that nothing else matters? And is that not the very best training for life? How much have the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED regretted for not doing all of this and more? In my book Coach Kravchevski is a better man than ever and a real champion of men.

ERNEST C. LAMARCA

Des Moines

■ SPORTS ILLUSTRATED fully shares Mr. Langren's admiration for Coach Kravchevski's philosophy and most of all the football field. The majority of scores of IOWANS who wrote SPORTS ILLUSTRATED felt that in allowing Coach Kravchevski to reveal some of football's cherished beliefs, which inspired Mr. Langren to call Coach Kravchevski a nonhypocrite and SPORTS ILLUSTRATION to call him an iconoclast, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did Iowa and Mr. Kravchevski in particular and the game in general a disservice. But football, autumn's celebrated institution, cannot continue to flourish without an occasional critical examination by a respected iconoclast such as Mr. Kravchevski.—ED.

FOOTBALL: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SILENT

ALL HAIL TO THEE, MR. NASH, THOU SHALT TRIBUTE:

Mr. Ogden Nash, speaking poetically in *Sports Illustrated*, says the college football game is a sport of intellectual beauty.

Remember, to spring, return to three consecutive games that have been regarded as a national scandal could create a lot of perplexity.

It seems that when a coach like Eugene A. Smith has such a low opinion of the college football game, the whole thing is a little bit of a mystery.

"Which Player Is It? Auburn, Clemson, Col. coaches believe, but they are not sure. Auburn, Clemson, Col. coaches believe, but they are not sure. Auburn, Clemson, Col. coaches believe, but they are not sure."

It is not the only time that the college football game has been a mystery. It is not the only time that the college football game has been a mystery.

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FOOTBALL: FACTS AND FORM

SILENT

The other evening I read with much interest and pleasure Herman Hirschman's national football analysis which appeared in your September 23 issue. I thought, without a doubt it was the most intelligent and comprehensive analysis of football that I have had the pleasure of reading. I thought he did an excellent job.

As a former player, historian, and I am close friends, I can assure you that I am recommending his football analysis purely on its merits as presented by him.

LOU LITTLE

New York City

■ Thanks, but the writer's term isn't doing Hirschman any favors. So far, as of Saturday, Oct. 3, his Hunches are 43 right, 25 wrong and five ties.—ED.

HERBIE'S DEFINITION OF

SILENT

As a Scottish fan of long standing, I was surprised to see the full-page cartoon, Oct. 21, heralding his usual position for supporting non-sportsmen games.

In true Scottish fashion the cartoonist's name was hidden.

HERBIE'S COMMENT

New York City

■ The artist's name is Herb Gardner. His drawings wander through ashtrays, glasses, napkins, greeting cards, etc. The Scottish, according to Gardner, is "the kind of person who, when he walks into a room, it is as though somebody has just left. . . . While not quite a leader of men and not quite suited to the debonair role and not a winner in any race, his eyes are forever fixed on his own fuzzy star, just beside the point, invariably nebulous, wearing his galoshes, he is over with us."—ED.

BOXING: HAS IT COME TO THIS?

SILENT

Are we now to assume that from now on the art of boxing is dead? Will fighters in the likeness of Willie Pep and Sugar Ray Robinson no longer stand in the foreground of their respective weight divisions? Has the artistic teamwork, the sharp slashing

continued

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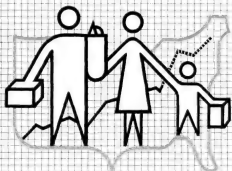
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ILLUSTRATED

Continued

file of the left jab and the rapid destruction and swift devastating violence of a straight right hand to the jaw become obsolete, unnecessary, indeed detrimental tools in today's version of this great sport? Will we now see world champions and top contenders trained only in the art of gliding reluctantly forward, throwing wild left and rights, butting and elbowing in clinches, and demonstrating nothing but pure animal courage and an ability to absorb vast amounts of punishment and stay on their feet?

These are questions that those who follow boxing must now be asking themselves if they were fortunate enough to see right-dwight champion, Sugar Ray Robinson, decisively defeat Carmen Basilio, only to lose the official decision. Basilio had only three things going for him in this fight: stamina, youth and almost unbelievable courage. Any other fighter must have gone down to stay in the face of Robinson's furious late round assault, and the left hand displayed by Sugar Ray all through the fight has to be one of the most celebrated of all time.

I only hope that Sugar Ray, and those who would attempt to emulate him in the future will not be discouraged; for if this is the case, boxing will not only lose much of its color, but also many of its fans.

W. F. BINGE

Toronto, Ont.

BOXING: THE SECOND EYE

Six-

After witnessing the recent Robinson-Basilio championship bout on TV and being convinced a tie had at the very close proximity of the decisions rendered by the two judges and the referee, I wonder if there isn't any way of remedying this situation. This is not the first time that such a situation has arisen over "man decisions."

Since the two judges could not possibly see the entire ring action, I would suggest using four judges and a referee for all future championship fights. The judges can be seated one on each side of the ring. At least this way a split decision would have three to two in favor of the winner, and a four to one vote would not leave too much doubt, we hope.

A. T. MONTGOMERY

Chicago

THE UNHAPPIEST FELLA

Six-

Your magazine is a national disgrace to intelligence!

Kore Tark magazine was smart enough to cover the World Softball Championship at Clearwater, Fla., but the idiot staff of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED missed it completely.

Softball is the nation's national sport, not football, baseball, golf, basketball or horse racing, despite what you read in the sports pages of the metropolitan dailies. It is also the fastest, most well attended and happiest game of all.

ED FROSTMAN

Shelton, Conn.

■ The staff of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED appreciation (and sometimes plays) softball. The Clearwater series was reported in **SCOREBOARD**, Sept. 30. —ED.

GIVEN: UPDATER

Sir: That Given. First he says do it one way — then later, do it another way.

May I please have 12 reprints of Given's *My Two New Commendments* (81, Sept. 18) on a bridge for our Indian Hills Bridge Club?

Mrs. MARIE LA SALLE

Parkville, Mo.

• Yearbooks are on their way to Mrs. La Salle. —ED.

14 MEN AND 137 POINTS

Sir: Re Maccabiah Games (81, Sept. 30): It should be noted that the host country, which is always able to enter a team of maximum strength, three in each event, scored to cut by only 28 points of their 224 total. As you indicated (SEAMLESS, Sept. 30), this included points scored in most of the standard events by their women athletes, as well.

The U.S. Track and Field Team had no women entries at all. Our men's team consisted of a relatively 14 athletes, but despite this they scored an amazing 137 points. I believe that this is a record for any U.S. Track Team in international competition, and also, so far as I know, in local events of a comparable nature. I only wish you had the space to print the names of the boys in our squad and to mention their fine coach, Irv Kinsick, who did an impeccable job.

M. J. LOVELL

New York City

• The 14 athletes who scored 137 points and received 18 gold medals, 11 silver medals and 8 bronze medals are: Irving Dardik, Long Branch, N.J.; Martin Engel, Jackson Heights, N.Y.; Michael R. Herman, New York City; Alan Jacobs, Chicago; Sidney Kivett, Clifdale Park, N.J.; Alan H. Kline, Philadelphia; Henry Laskas, Minnetonka, N.Y.; Isaac Matza, New York City; Arthur Reider, San Francisco; David A. Reishard, Los Angeles; Robert Rittenburg, Boston; Donald Silpe, Great Neck, N.Y.; Lewis N. Stinglitz, West Hartford, Conn.; and Harold Swidler, Harrisburg, Pa. —ED.

RETURN OF MR. TACHE

Sir:

It was very kind of you to publish my letter and the picture of our English setter, Mr. Tache (19TH HOLE, Oct. 7).

I am so happy to tell you that we found Tache with a wonderful family on the Garden State Parkway, miles away from our home. He arrived there two weeks after he had disappeared.

He was neither thin nor footsore, and we believe he was stolen and then released.

If it had not been for the help of persons like you, we would not have him back.

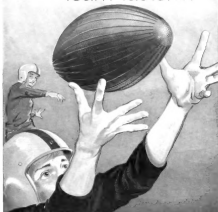
Now, even more than ever, I am devoted to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, as is our whole family.

We were very happy to be able to give to the family who found our dog a setter puppy which their children had always wanted.

MARY DE W. DAILY

Glidstone, N.J.

Boys 6 to 12 learn faster...



with a "RAISED RIB" FOOTBALL by SEAMLESS

Here, at last, is a perfectly balanced, official size and weight football which young hands can grip securely. Used for training purposes in many schools, it is the ideal ball for teaching your youngster carrying, kicking, passing and receiving.

Like other rubber-covered footballs by Seamless which are now approved for official high school and college games, the Raised Rib ball is constructed to take long, rough and tumble use. Made with Nylon winding and Butyl Kautschuk bladder and valve, it has a waterproof, scuff-proof cover.

Raised Rib Footballs from \$9.60, as well as basketballs, tether balls and other inflated athletic balls by Seamless, are featured at leading sporting goods stores everywhere. Be sure to look for the name Seamless, your guarantee of quality and performance.

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THE SEAMLESS RUBBER COMPANY
NEW HAVEN 1, CONN., U.S.A.

PAT ON THE BACK



THREE CALIFORNIA GIRLS, KAREN HANTZE, 16, SALLY MOORE, 17, AND HELENE WEILL, 16, HOLD FOUR NATIONAL TENNIS TITLES



FOUR CALIFORNIA BOYS, ROBERT DELGADO, 16, ALLEN FOX, 16, WILLIAM BOND, 15, & DENNIS HALSEY, 15, HOLD THREE TITLES

CALIFORNIA COMERS

The newest wave of tennis players dashing onto the national scene from the shores of southern California includes this attractive septet of champions. Among them they hold seven of the eight major titles open to young players 18 and under in the United States, and they all live along the 200-mile axis between San Diego and Bakersfield. Karen Hantze is a San Diego girl who holds the Girls' 15 and Girls' Singles championships and shares the Girls' 16 Doubles title with Katherine Chabot. Sally

Moore, from Bakersfield, and Helene Weill of Beverly Hills hold the Girls' Doubles championship of the U.S. Robert Delgado, Los Angeles, and Allen Fox, Beverly Hills, hold the national Junior Doubles title, while the Boys' Doubles title of the U.S. is held by William Bond of La Jolla with R. Dennis Halsey of Bakersfield. Bond also holds the national Boys' Singles title, and Delgado is runner-up for the Junior Singles. From this rather breathtaking recital of statistics it is easy to see that, whether it's the air or the sun or the water, the fact remains—California's hold on tennis is as strong as ever.

DEE sportswear fashions these knit sport shirts of jersey made of 80% "Orlon" and 20% wool in a variety of colors and patterns. From \$9 on these and other fine status sportshirts. Saks-11th, New York; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Barkley, Adams, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis.



These jersey sport shirts of "Orlon" and wool hold their shape through repeated washings!

You know how jersey sport shirts can stretch and sag . . . lose their shape, especially when washed. No more! Now knit jersey has the remarkable touch-and-tenderness of "Orlon". Blended with 20% wool, "Orlon" acrylic fiber knits into soft, comfortable jersey

sport shirts that stubbornly hold their shape through countless washings. And there's no special care needed, no blocking or shaping. Here, then, are the jersey sport shirts you've always wanted. They're at your favorite clothes'ns. See them today!

ORLON



*"Orlon" is the DuPont registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. See DuPont makes fibers, not the fabrics or sport shirts shown.

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THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD

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